Saturday Review

JULY 6, 1957 / 25¢

Not sunbathers, but space observers in Canada. A night view of the meteor watch—IGY. *(See page 35)*

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

INSIDE THE SPACE-MAN
By Dr. Robert W. White

WHERE THE AMERICAN TRADITION LIVES
By Bruce Catton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world offers 3 great whiskies —one is Lord Calvert

EVER wonder why decanters come in threes?

The answer is clear. It is surely to accept the world's *three* great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all *American* whiskies—our own LORD CALVERT.

Why not give your guests this thoughtful choice tonight? It is a lordly gesture. The act of a man of distinction.

LORD CALVERT. BLENDED WHISKEY OF DISTINCTION. 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C.

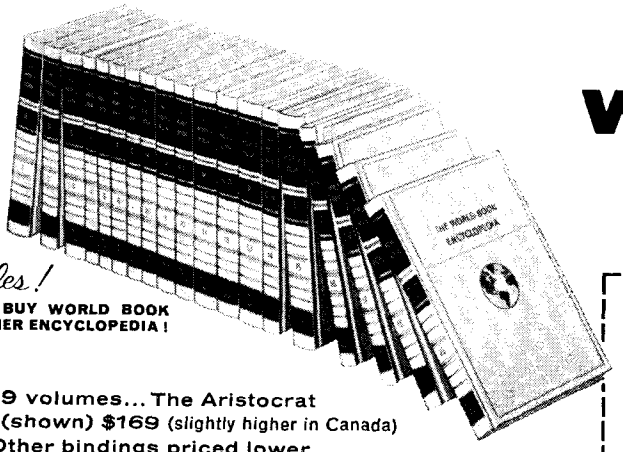
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moon exhibit courtesy of the Adler Planetarium, Chicago

When can we take a vacation to the Moon?

Science fiction? No, indeed! Based on scientific *fact*, travel to the moon is predicted within the next thirty years. And the fascinating "Space Travel" article in WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA takes you every step of the way.

Summer can be an educational experience with World Book in the home, and teachers can easily tell which children have continued growing mentally during vacation time. World Book has become America's favorite all-family encyclopedia because it is interestingly written to be understood and remembered. There is no greater gift you can give your children. To see how World Book, the modern encyclopedia, brings all subjects to life, send for a copy of the "Earth and Star" reprint.



1st in sales!
MORE PEOPLE BUY WORLD BOOK THAN ANY OTHER ENCYCLOPEDIA!

19 volumes... The Aristocrat
Binding (shown) $169 (slightly higher in Canada)
Other bindings priced lower
$10 down, $6 a month

Want a lifetime career with good pay, future security? Discover how all this can be yours as a World Book representative. Openings throughout the U.S., Canada, West Germany, France, and Hawaii. Address: Mr. Bailey Howard, World Book, Dept. 2267, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Illinois

World Book
ENCYCLOPEDIA

FREE! *Reprints of the fascinating Earth and Star articles from World Book.*

MR. JOHN W. DIENHART, WORLD BOOK
Dept. 1267, Box 3565, Chicago 54, Ill.

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet containing reprints of the Earth and Star articles as they appear in the 1957 edition of World Book.

(Mr.) (Mrs.) _____

Address _____ *County* _____

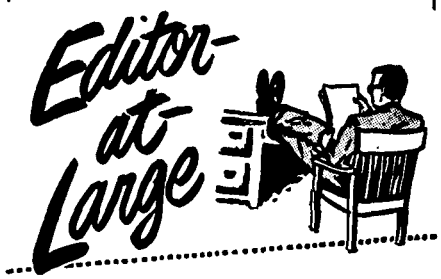
City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

Children's Ages: _____, _____, _____

In Canada, write World Book-Childcraft, Ltd., 85 Bloor St., East, Toronto 5, Ontario

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)



There are two types of summer readers: those who return to "War and Peace," picking up where they stopped last year; and those who dig into current books so they can spend the fall talking about the books their friends were discussing last spring.

Regardless of which class you belong to, I would like to recommend for this summer the new "Anchor Review," a paperbound book that has something for every serious reader.

It contains, for instance, a long excerpt from Vladimir Nabokov's witty novel, "Lolita," marking the first American appearance of a book that has caused an international sensation.

It also has a long essay by W. H. Auden on poetry and the poetic process; a provocative piece by Dwight Macdonald on the current American passion for facts; Marguerite Yourcenar's notebooks on "Memoirs of Hadrian"; and, among others, articles on literary reviews, the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and Jean-Paul Sartre.

"The Anchor Review" is one of the new additions to the famous Anchor Book line of serious paper books. Other new titles include Stendhal's "On Love," Bertrand Russell's "Mysticism and Logic," J. E. Neale's "Queen Elizabeth I," and Conrad's "Victory."

The best thing about Anchor Books for summer reading is that they are small enough to carry or pack with ease and inexpensive enough to leave behind when your vacation ends – since they can be easily replaced for your permanent library without too much of a wrench on your pocketbook.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Anchor Review" (95¢) is published by Doubleday & Company. All Anchor Books may be obtained at your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 153 Orange Street, New Haven 10, Conn. There are now 110 Anchor titles in print, with 15 more scheduled for the fall. For a complete list of all these books, write to L. L. Day, Room 1718, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

JULY 6, 1957

Cover photograph courtesy of National Research Council of Canada

SR/IDEAS

7 Where the American Tradition Lives, by Bruce Catton
20 An Open Letter to David Lawrence: An Editorial
40 Inside the Space-Man, by Dr. Robert W. White

SR/BOOKS

10 The Game and the Ground, by Peter Vansittart
Reviewed by Eugene Bender
10 The Witches, by Jay Williams
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller
11 A Pause in the Desert, by Oliver La Farge
Reviewed by Donald R. Bensen
12 In Search of the Golden West, by Earl Pomeroy
Reviewed by Robert L. Perkin
13 Personal and Oriental, by Austin Coates
Reviewed by Robert Payne
14 The Surprise of Cremona, by Edith Templeton
Reviewed by Thomas G. Bergin
16 The New Age of Franklin Roosevelt, 1932-1945, by Dexter Perkins
Reviewed by C. Vann Woodward
17 Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power, by Howard K. Beale
Reviewed by Foster Rhea Dulles
18 Battle for the Mind, by William Sargant
Reviewed by Franz Alexander, M.D.
19 A Man Against Insanity, by Paul DeKruif
Reviewed by Harvey M. Cleckley, M.D.
28 Other Knowledge: Poems New and Selected, by Lenore G. Marshall
Reviewed by Stanley Kunitz
29 The Strange Islands, by Thomas Merton
Reviewed by Donald Hall

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds
14 Literary I.Q.
22 Letters to the Editor
23 *SR* Goes to the Movies
24 Broadway Postscript
25 Music to My Ears
26 Booked for Travel
27 Ideas on Film
32 Literary Crypt
47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1215

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XL, No. 27, July 6, 1957. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1957 by Saturday Review, Inc.

The man who reads dictionaries

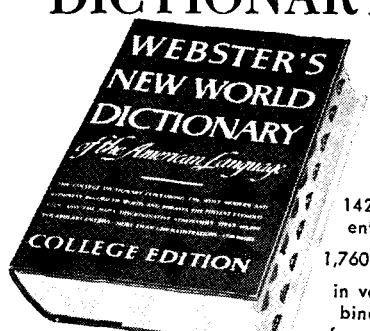
©Robert Christie Photo

JACQUES BARZUN,
author and educator, says:

"I HAVE found *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition, invariably instructive, full, and extremely easy to use. The definitions are not only terse and clear but also elegant — a pleasure to read, in sharp contrast with the clumsiness of certain recent lexicographers. I am particularly struck by the quality of the etymologies and the help given by most of the illustrations and all of the tables. In short, this is the desk-size dictionary I have been waiting for."

The name Webster *alone* on a dictionary is not enough to guarantee excellence of this kind. Visit your bookseller and ask to see —

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries
1,760 pages
in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ► There is said to be an actor who thought that dramamine was prescribed for squeamish actors on opening nights.

► What with all the books on psychiatry coming out, we are reminded of the psychiatrist who became so famous that all the world beat a psychopath to his door.

► A waiter at the luxurious Chambord served an entire family, including a child of four, with as much attention to the child as to the rest of the family. The child, completely stunned with such attention, remarked: "He thinks I'm real."

► Warren Miller, of Greenwich Village, writes about Jim Bishop, the astute and prolific author of the Harper fold: "I'm considering writing a book titled, 'The Day Jim Bishop Wrote the Day Lincoln Was Shot'."

► Comment by a neighbor to an amateur gardener who was worried about his dogwood: "Its bark is worse than its blight."

► Chester Feldman, of Manhattan, writes about the new book "Arthur Miller's Collected Plays": "It brings to mind the two salesmen in the lobby during 'Death of a Salesman.' One of them said to the other: 'I hope to see you again under happier circumstances'."

► Jack Shaindlin, the musical director, was asked why he insisted on seeing "My Fair Lady" for the fourth time. His comment: "I'm thinking of turning it into a straight play."

JOHN STEINBECK'S POPULARITY IN ITALY is as great as—or even greater than—in this country. On a recent trip there he happened to pass a small pastry shop on a side street in Florence. Happily framed in the window was a display of his major novels, not in hard-cover or even in paperback, but in pastry form. When he went into the bakery to thank them for the tribute, it was all he could do to stop the proprietor—literally—from making Mr. Steinbeck eat his own words.

WE TALKED TO TWO PEOPLE RECENTLY, one on each side of the fence, so to speak, whose job it is to see that good books become converted into good motion pictures. One was agent Annie Laurie Williams, who handles not only above-mentioned John Steinbeck but the properties of many other writers of the highest caliber: John Hersey, Alan Paton, the late Ben Ames Williams, Kathleen Windsor, to mention a few. The other was Alan Jackson, story editor in New York for Paramount Pictures.

While their viewpoints should be separate—one being the buyer and the other being the seller—it was interesting to note the points on which they agreed: a story must be bought on its own values; both editor and agent must *believe* in the book with almost a devout passion; very few books are being bought simply because they are best-sellers.

"Even with a record of selling such properties as 'Gone With the Wind,' 'Mr. Blandings,' 'Forever Amber,' and others," says Miss Williams, "I still have to fight hard to bring to the screen those books I think are right for it. The producer, the publisher, the director, the story editor—all of them are important. But without the original writer, nothing would exist. I rarely go to Hollywood; it is not necessary for me to go there. The story is the thing. If I *believe* in it, I'll sell it. Belief and integrity are the two main tools a good agent has to work with—and I will never compromise them."

Alan Jackson, from his story editor's side of the fence, says: "My job used to be matching the story to the star. Lately it has leaned more toward matching the story to the producer. This is a healthy sign, because it leads to more emphasis on the story and less on the vehicle. Movies are becoming more mature, and that means better books are going to be bought."

Both are agreed that the trend away from snapping up a book merely for its title is a healthy one. Both feel that the screen is successfully meeting the challenge of television, even though the screen still cries out for more adult fare, more frequently.

OUR JOURNEYING BOOK SALESMEN are back with us again with another game;

Ever take a Caribbean trip on an ORE SHIP?

Here's your opportunity to take a spectacularly different kind of trip—on a giant new ore carrier.

When the S. S. Leader and M. V. Sentinel were being designed the architects were told to provide de luxe accommodations for up to 12 passengers, and to include air conditioning. And what a job they did! The staterooms are large, outside, beautifully furnished. There's a lounge, a private passenger dining room and bar service is available.

Just what the doctor ordered

You'll live like a king—but you'll relax like a beachcomber. The atmosphere is strictly informal, and you do as you please.

Movies are shown in the evenings and there are books, games and a hi-fi player aboard. Beyond that you just let the Caribbean sun and cooling trade winds work their magic.

Three all-expense trips

These ore ships sail the Caribbean between Mobile, Ala. and Port of Spain, Trinidad. If you just want a relaxing sea trip you can make it in two weeks with about a day in Trinidad while ore is loaded. Cost—$350.

If you'd like to see a bit of the Caribbean we have an all-expense package (covers hotels, meals, transportation) that gives you a week in Trinidad including a trip to lovely Tobago for $495. Or you can substitute Barbados for Tobago and the price is only $525.

Surinam Safari

For adventuresome souls there's a 4-week trip that's a honey. You take a giant ore carrier to Trinidad. From Trinidad you take a smaller ore ship to Surinam in South America and return. This includes a fascinating trip up a jungle river to Alcoa's bauxite mines. In addition, you have a week in Trinidad including a side visit to Tobago or Barbados. All for only $600.

You really owe it to yourself to find out more. So see your travel agent or

send today for details

ALCOA

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
Rm. 1928, 17 Battery Pl., New York 4, N.Y.
Rm. 207, One Canal St., New Orleans 12, La.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST OUT

The new book of Kingsley

DOUBLE-CROSTICS 38

By Doris Nash Wortman

If you are going to spend any part of this summer

on a deck chair
on a plane
on the beach
under a tree
in a hammock
in a train
in an arm chair
on top of a mountain

don't fail to supply yourself with a copy of *Double-Crostics* 38. It contains a fresh batch — 50 — of America's favorite literary puzzles. Each is brand new, never before in print. Each combines the fun of solving a quiz, an acrostic, and a secret message. Each leaves you with (1) a fascinating quotation (2) a tingling brain and (3) a purring ego. (And between puzzles you can use the solid cover of the spiral-bound book as a lap-desk for writing postcards on.)

Plan ahead, make sure you don't lock your vacation suitcase until you've popped in *Double-Crostics 38*. Send for a copy today. Price $1.95. (Note: it makes a fine, easy-to-pack bon-voyage gift for your holiday-bound friends.)

To your bookseller, or
SATURDAY REVIEW,
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of *Kingsley Double-Crostics* 38. Price $1.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for

$. .....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zone___State____

(New York City residents add 3% sales tax)

they have been killing the dull hours on the road recently with a game designed to break the tedium of a Statler room or a Hilton lobby by writing fictional reviews of the following sorts of books: "The Telephone Directory," by A. Bell: *Good book but too many characters in it.* "The Britannica," by A. N. Encyclo-

pedia: *Too episodic.* "The Dictionary," by N. Webster: *Too wordy.* It would be nice to find more of these to pass along to the traveling drummers.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PEOPLE-TO-PEOPLE program is George P. Brett, Jr., who also heads Macmillan. Mr. Brett and his organization are in the process of selecting suitable books to send to influential foreign leaders, books which best promote the understanding of America abroad. This is the committee launched by President Eisenhower last fall to achieve this purpose, and if you have any suggestions of titles, you might send them along to the committee headquarters at 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Our own choice would be William Attwood's "Still the Most Exciting Country" (Knopf), because it articulates an objective viewpoint of a young reporter who loves his country in spite of its foibles—and looks at it through the eyes of a correspondent who returned with a Rip-Van-Winkle-like perspective after an absence of nine years. As a foreign correspondent for this length of time, he was able to measure America with the finely adjusted calipers which only experience of this sort can provide.

He returned from his absence abroad, as the author says: ". . . as a real long-haired square, who didn't know Gleason from Gobel, or a ranch-type house from a split-level one." But he adds: "In our capacity for change and our willingness to adopt new ideas, we Americans are unequaled in the world."

BEN HUEBSCH, OF VIKING, HAS BEEN able to furnish us with an additional letter from James Joyce, which was not included in the new "Letters of James Joyce." Mr. Huebsch was Mr. Joyce's original publisher, dating back to 1916, and had the courage and editor's instinct to recognize Joyce's controversial talent in an era when it must have taken a great deal of both to do so. The letter (dated 7 July, 1915) is of interest because, a) it reveals the pragmatic attitude in a man thought of as an obscure prose-poet, and b) because it contains mention of some of his earliest works. "As regards my novel you are well informed," Joyce writes to Mr. Huebsch. "It is called 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man' and began serial publication in the *Egoist* (Feb'y 1914). It has now come to an end, and the disposal of the book rights are in the hands of my literary agent, Mr. James B. Pinker . . . I have finished a play in three acts, 'Exiles,' later published, but would prefer the publication in book to come after its eventual production on the stage."

SPEAKING OF LETTERS, WE HAVE always been fond of the letter written by an author to a typewriter company when he found that the letter "E" was missing from his new typewriter on delivery. He sat down immediately to type this indignant letter:

> Gxntlxmxn: I havx just rxcxivxd my nxw typxwritxr by Railway Xxprxss, and I am forcxd to advisx you that onx of thx most important lxttxrs of thx alphabxt is missing, and I must dxmand your immxdiatx attxntion. Thx lxttxr I rxfxr to is thx lxttxr "X", and by that I mxan thx fifth

> lxttxr in thx alphabxt: "X". It is hard for mx to xxplain this on this machinx, but I'm surx you must undxrstand what I mxan. Plxasx givx this your prompt attxntion, as I dxpxnd on thx typxwritxr for my livxlihood.
>
> Sincxrxly, . . .

We are in the process of working out our own letter to a certain ball-point pen company about a pen which fades out every time we are jotting down a critically important note, but space demands we save that for a future column. It will be written with equal indignation.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
JULY 6, 1957

WHERE THE AMERICAN TRADITION LIVES

By BRUCE CATTON

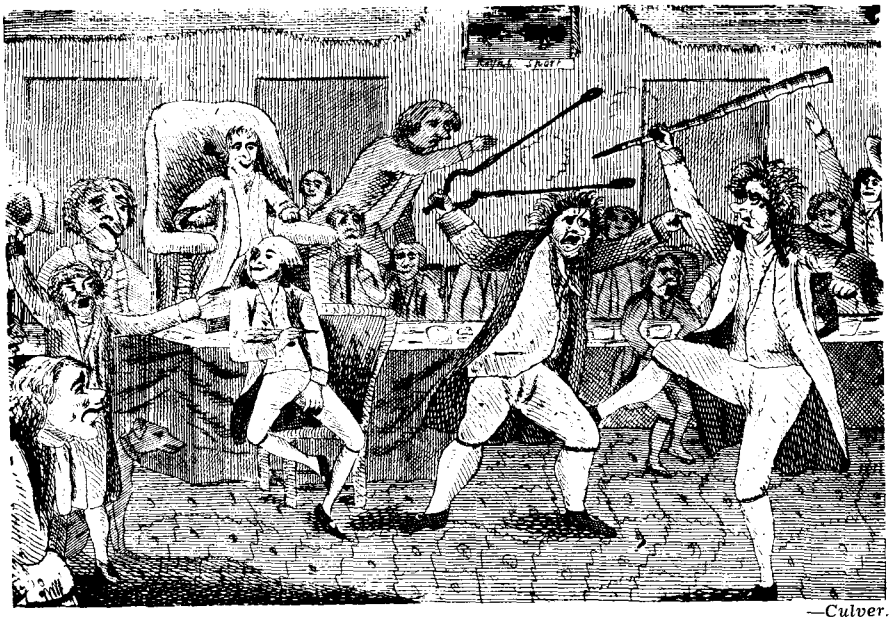
A REAL national tradition is something that we live by rather than something that we talk about. We seldom try to define it; we feel that we don't have to, because if it is a real, living, moving force—and it is, if it is a genuine national tradition—we simply respond to it. We respond to it instinctively, because it is so deeply a part of our lives that it has us in its possession.

The greatest of all American traditions is the simple tradition of freedom. From our earliest days as a people this tradition has provided us with a faith to live by. It has shaped what Americans have done and what they have dreamed. If any one word tells what America really is, it is that one word—freedom.

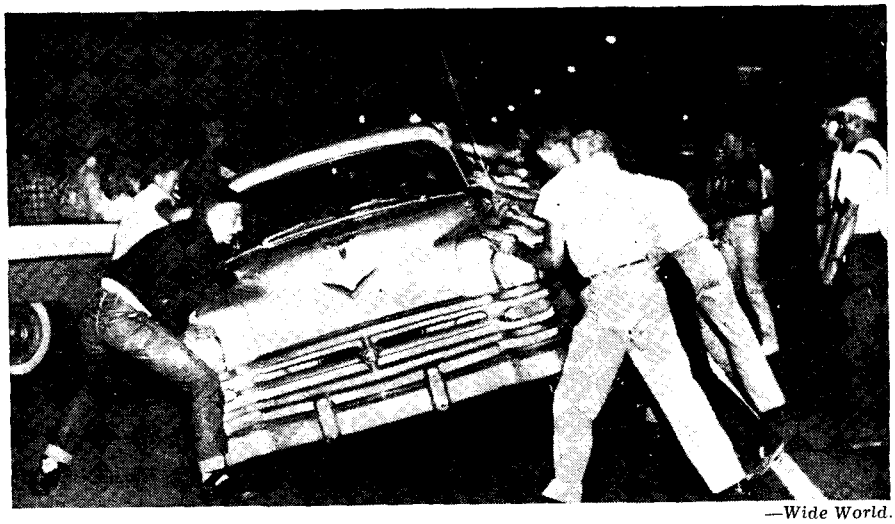
This is a word that is eternally growing broader. If any single thing gives us reason to have confidence in the infinite future of the American people it is the fact that this most basic of our traditions is capable of infinite expansion. It does not limit us. On the contrary, it forever invites us to grow—to see beyond the horizon, to look ahead to a fairer and a brighter day, to develop and to strengthen the noble concept of brotherhood by which we live.

I think we can say now that this national tradition is as strong and as healthy as it ever was. Today, as always in the past, its best and strongest defense lies in the reactions which individual Americans make when they find the tradition under attack. The tradition may be a national thing, but it resides finally in the hearts of individual men and women. These men and women do not always bother to work out elaborate rationalizations of their acts of defense. They simply respond instinctively to specific cases. When they encounter a situation which denies the tradition of freedom, an inner force which they do not need to define impels them to go out and do something about it. They move, without thought of what the cost to themselves may be, to put themselves in between the oppressor and the op-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Culver.



—Wide World.

VIOLENCE AND COURAGE: Mr. Catton writes: "The secret of freedom is courage." What kinds of violence American courage has had to overcome in 150 years is suggested here. *At top: an early cartoon (1798) showing Republican Congressman Lyon (with fire-tongs) returning the assault of Federalist Congressman Griswold (with cane).* A few days after this incident Mr. Lyon was arrested under the infamous Sedition Act for accusing President Adams of "an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice"; he was sentenced to four months in jail. Below: the indignities suffered by other Americans six generations later. In August 1956 a carload of Negroes passing through Clinton, Tennessee, was attacked by a mob inflamed about the integration of the local high school. These particular travelers managed to get out without injury, but in this atmosphere of rage and hate children were expected to pursue their studies.

pressed. They strengthen freedom simply by going ahead and living it.

We find them, quite literally, everywhere. A state legislator in Florida discovers that his stand for school integration makes him a minority of one in his legislature; no matter, he goes on as he had started, and attainment of the brotherhood of man comes one step nearer as a result. A Catholic priest in Indiana finds immigrant farm laborers suffering medieval exploitation and injustice; he refuses to walk on the other side of the road but stops to demand that the exploitation and injustice be remedied—and, after months of unremitting effort, finally sees his demand made good; and fifty or sixty human beings move out of peonage into the sunlight of American life. A handful of Protestant ministers risk their careers to stand against bigotry and intolerance in their own Tennessee town—and, after a long struggle, see the area in which bigotry and intolerance can operate perceptibly narrowed. A young Oklahoma schoolteacher loses his job in order to make his lone protest against racial discrimination—and, telling why he had done so, gives a noble and eloquent explanation of the spirit that moves Americans who love freedom: "In a thing like this you don't stop to think. You just do what you feel you have to do."

You don't stop to think: you just do what you feel you have to do. From the earliest days, the presence of that spirit in the breasts of American men and women has been our most profound national asset. It is where this tradition really lives. Not all the petty, malignant forces of reaction—the men who think the people need a guardian and a keeper to guide their way into a blighting conformity; the men who dread freedom unless it be limited to folk who think and talk as they themselves would do; the men who believe that there should be classes and grades in American citizenship, and dread anything that tends to remove the barriers that set man apart from man—not all of these together, operating in a time of confusion and danger, can summon a force strong enough to beat down the simple, instinctive reaction that rises in the breast of the ordinary American when he sees American freedoms being cut down.

WE SEEM to have begun, in this country, with a demand for freedom of religious belief—in Plymouth colony and Providence plantation, in William Penn's settlement of Pennsylvania and in the charter for the first colonization of Maryland.

We moved on to see that freedom must also mean freedom from foreign oppression, and fought the American Revolution.

Then we came to see that there must also be freedom from domestic tyranny, and we put together the Constitution of the United States.

We realized, also, that the mind of man must be free from dominion by government, and we added to our Constitution the Bill of Rights.

We came, as well, to see that freedom has to be unlimited—that it has to apply all across the board, to men of all colors, all races, and all conditions—and we struggled through a terrible Civil War in order to make such an extension of freedom possible.

All of these are not separate freedoms so much as they are varying forms of an undivided whole. For one of the things we have learned in this country is that freedom has to be indivisible. Anything that limits any part of it, for anyone, is a menace to all of us, a threat to the tradition by which we live.

American freedom today is under attack—very often by people who insist that they are trying to defend it. In a short-range view conditions are extremely ominous. Yet I think if we look at our present situation long-range we can see that we have little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason to be afraid. We get waves of reaction in this country, periodically, in times of extreme national stress, and the great national tradition comes under attack—seems, indeed, to be in a fair way to be overwhelmed entirely. But the waves always pass—with however much incidental injustice and oppression for certain individual victims—because the instinct in the American mind and heart which the tradition is based on is, finally, irrepressible.

In the early days of the Republic we had, for instance, the Alien and Sedition Acts. Europe was torn by a great war and by an unpredictable revolutionary movement. America's position seemed insecure; external pressures were becoming all but intolerable, and men hardly knew which way to turn to find national security. Out of this came these almost unbelievably repressive laws. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech were effectively outlawed. It was made a crime to criticize acts of the national administration. Editors who spoke out against these laws were imprisoned. Thomas Jefferson's mail was opened, in the hope that some paragraph or sentence could be found on which he could be arrested for sedition. A man who tried to get signatures to a petition to Congress urging repeal of these laws was arrested and sentenced to jail. Lawyers who defended victims of this oppression were denounced by judges as traitors. To all appearances American freedom had been done to death.

All of this lasted two years or more. Then came a change. Jefferson himself, against whom so much of this attack had been directed, became President. The laws expired. The freedom that had been assailed so malevolently was restored—stronger than ever for the very virulence of the onslaught that had been made upon it. Today the men who inspired and supported the Alien and Sedition Laws are remembered only because they have come to symbolize the stupidity and the viciousness of those who tried, briefly and unsuccessfully, to turn backward the mainstream of American life.

Similar things have happened at other times. During the early part of the Civil War a brigadier general in the Union army was called before a Congressional committee and questioned because of suspicion that he had been having traitorous dealings with the Confederates—his real offense being that by following the instructions of his superiors, and returning fugitive slaves to their Maryland owners, he had given offense to the powerful and suspicious abolitionists who were rising to dominance in Congress. He was accused of nothing whatever; indeed, he never quite realized that he was even under suspicion; but he was finally removed from command and sent off to prison by a War Department which dared not oppose a powerful Congressional committee, and his career was ruined. He was released, finally—not exactly cleared, because nobody had ever formally accused him of anything, so there was no charge from which he could be cleared—but at least released. And the episode comes down in history as a melancholy illustration of the way in which fear and hysteria, operating together, can lead even a committee of Congress to narrow the area of American freedom and justice.

I have cited two cases out of the past. There are many more that could be cited, some of them, indeed, matters of tolerably recent memory. But the thing to bear in mind is that these spasms to which we are now and then subjected are always of temporary effect. We do come out of them; their authors pass on and are forgotten, surviving only as melancholy footnotes in history; and our great tradition, down the years, grows broader and stronger despite these temporary setbacks.

We are today emerging from the latest of these spasms of terror. We have seen some highly discouraging things in recent years. We have seen an atmosphere in which the mere fact that a man was accused of something was taken as proof of his guilt. We have been reminded of Mark Twain's comment on the reign of terror that prevailed in late medieval times under the Doges of Venice, when a committee on public safety received anonymous accusations against the loyalty of citizens; as Mark Twain remarked, if the committee could find no proof to support an accusation, it usually found the accused guilty on the ground this simply showed how deep and devious and inscrutable the man's villainy really was. We have witnessed an era in which it was widely taken as a crime for an accused person to invoke the Bill of Rights itself in his own defense—as if the provisions of the Bill of Rights were not meant to operate in precisely a time like the present. We have seen times in which no one in authority seemed willing to place the slightest amount of trust in the innate loyalty, good faith, and intelligence of the American people; times which led former Senator Harry Cain to burst out with the cry: "A whole clique of spies could hardly do as much damage to us as could our fail-

(*Continued on page 32*)

Excerpt from Narcissus - A Parallel of Art

By M. B. Thornton

They worked, not for eight hours a day
for five days a week
But for God, not stopping day or night:
They fought and struggled and died
believing
a man can grow into something big.
"Be something, Abe," one woman said.
Of a reincarnated Thomas Jefferson
today an Emerson
would say, "you see it doesn't pay."
Younger but wiser he would say, "A
cheerful intelligent face
is the end of culture, and
success enough
—it indicates the purpose of nature
and
wisdom attained."
A benign reflection, and
the more I gaze, the more
I delight
myself.
Let us leave the world to
the little people.
The hours were long and the struggle
killing:
this wasn't what they wanted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children of the Modern Agony

"The Game and the Ground," by Peter Vansittart *(Abelard-Schuman. 187 pp. $3), tells the story of two brothers who attempt to salvage a group of German youths left demoralized by the Nazi regime.*

By Eugene Bender

FOR close to a hundred years, it has been a minor specialty of British writers to deal with the savage and separate world of children. Some, like Richard Hughes and "Saki," have been content with shock effects: the complexities and malice of adults shown up as tame alongside the innocent cruelties of a child. Others, like Lewis Carroll—who seems, really, to have started the whole thing—have explored in one way or another the shifting and powerful fancies of children—their personal and frequently hellish wonderlands.

Peter Vansittart—a nephew of the Germanophobe peer, with whose ideas he "differs with respect"—has, in "The Game and the Ground," combined these two approaches, in order to fashion a strong comment on human nature and its distortion. His sixty children are the inmates of a camp, or refuge, at the ancient castle of Kasalten, in a country which doesn't need to be identified as Germany. They are the debris of the war—orphans, wanderers, homeless, some thieves, some murderers. The unnamed narrator and his brother Eric, both ineffective anti-Nazis throughout the previous regime, are owners of Kasalten, and administer the retraining of the children—or, rather, their lack of training. Unable to impose standards that have failed them and the world, they can do nothing but shelter the children and give them a chance to develop free of the intolerable stresses which warped them. Aside from the nine literate children who attended the voluntary classes, they "stood around fighting . . . listlessly awaiting meals. They set fire to the schoolroom, pillaged the hospital, incessantly stormed the kitchens, assaulted those who wanted to learn, fought for a handful of nails, raped each other, and assaulted the Police . . ."

The process of advancing from this low point is the matter of the story; and the cost is high. A third brother, Nicky—ex-Nazi, ex-gas chamber operator, and still unreconstructedly enthusiastic for the blood and glory of the old days—turns up at Kasalten, and the first step in organization is made when factions among the children align themselves with Nicky's juvenile fantasies of revenge. Eric, once a surgeon, endures the incursion of evil a while, then excises it with Nicky's murder. This entails, as he realizes it must, his own sacrifice, and the handing-over of the trust to his unwilling surviving brother, the narrator.

A third victim's death—a meaningless casualty of the disturbances attending Nicky's and Eric's end—is the final sobering catalyst which allows the book to end on a note of hope, though a qualified and obscure hope: "There was something too that I wanted to say, rising in me . . . though what it was I did not yet know and, when I knew, I would perhaps no longer wish to say it."

In the broken, fantastic acts and utterances of these children, Peter Vansittart has caught a distorted—and for that reason perhaps all the more accurate—reflection of one sort of modern agony.

—Phyllis Cerf.

Jay Williams—"colorful, suspenseful."

Diabolic Doings

"The Witches," by Jay Williams *(Random House. 339 pp. $3.95), is a story of sixteenth-century Scotland, when religion, politics, and demonology became fearfully intertwined.*

By Edmund Fuller

JAY WILLIAMS writes with so relaxed a grace, plus such a natural talent for rolling forward a narrative that these qualities might make us overlook how solidly grounded in research and intellectual curiosity are his historical novels. In his new novel "The Witches" he carries us deep into the demonology of sixteenth-century Scotland, creating a colorful, suspenseful, sometimes somber, and always interesting book.

Recent years have brought forth novels and plays on the theme of witchcraft, concerned chiefly with persecution, through superstition and

—From "Europe's Children," by Thérèse Bonney, (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).

"They are the debris of the war—orphans, wanderers, homeless . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

malice, of harmless, innocent women. Mr. Williams gives us genuine witches, men and women, devoted to the clandestine worship of the Dia, or Devil, in what they call "the old religion." Whether or not they had strange powers, they believed they had them and sought to apply them. There is much that is cryptic in the study of these matters, and Mr. Williams is content to leave it so.

Politics mingle with witchery in this story. Martin Vinolàs, a Huguenot, has dwelt first in England, then Scotland, since the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day drove him from France. A fencing master by profession, he has also some skill and experience as a secret agent. The Privy Council of Scotland entrusts to him the ferreting out of suspected conspiracy against Scotland's James VI, later England's James I.

Martin goes to the village of Haddington, not far from Edinburgh. The ring of supposed political conspirators, presumed Catholic foes of a Protestant king, proves instead to be a coven, a gathering of witches. His duties draw Martin into this orbit, compelling him to assume a fellowship with them, an experience filled variously with terror, lust, and dread for the welfare of his soul. There is indeed a conspiracy against James, centered in the figure who comes to the Sabbats in guise of the Devil himself. The unmasking of this personage is so important that I leave it to Mr. Williams.

The diabolism is evoked vividly, with a rich body of authenticated lore. Its horror and obscenity, its true demonic quality, are set forth. But Mr. Williams is concerned, too, to show the varying types and motives involved, and to trace the tenacity of a primitive, dark-toned, nature religion. Prominent in his cast is the seductress, Euphemia MacCalyan, a possessed woman her fellows believe to be the body of their goddess, Mother-Sister-Bride of the Dia.

Most impressive of many characterizations is the gentle, scholarly Catholic, Bernard Seton, who becomes best friend to Martin. His counsel, "do not let your reason stand in the way of loving charity," helps Martin bind himself to the Scottish girl, Bess, in true love.

Mass trials bring the book to its climax. Most of those first convicted were guilty, but then, in familiar pattern, spreading fears dragged in the innocent. As Mr. Williams concludes, "the danger to men lies not in destroying the guilty, but in such frantic terror that a hundred innocent are destroyed lest a single guilty man escape."

Variety Package

"A Pause in the Desert," by Oliver La Farge *(Houghton Mifflin. 235 pp. $3.50), is a collection of sixteen short stories, half a dozen of which deal with a section that the author has made peculiarly his own, the Southwest.*

By Donald R. Bensen

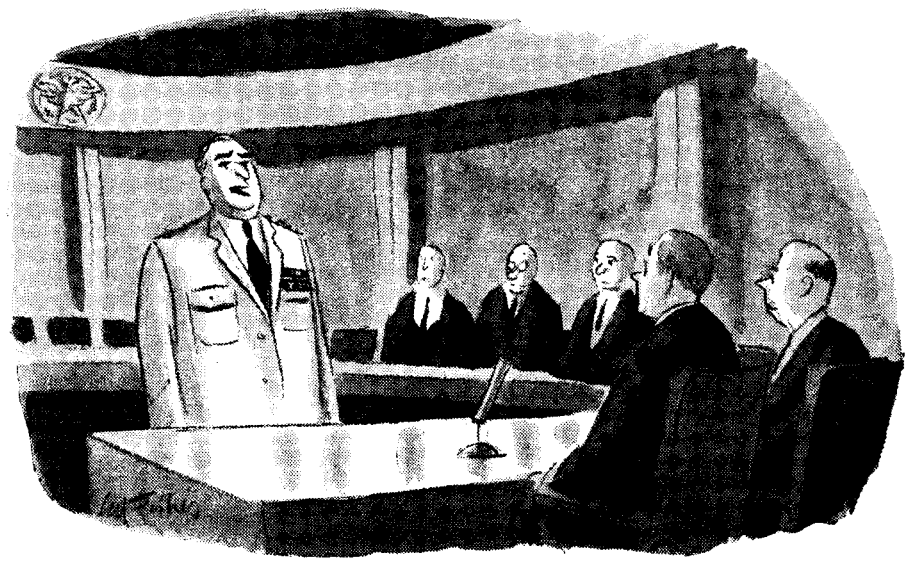
OLIVER LA FARGE's sixteen stories, published as "A Pause in the Desert," are for browsing, to be dipped into now and again by a reader who relishes a quiet variety and occasional oddity. Such readers will probably find remembered favorites—some remembered from quite a way back, since almost all the stories have been picked up from magazines dating as far back as 1935. They are an unevenly entertaining group, including a couple of conventional Moments of Truth as well as perhaps six first-rate pieces. At his best, which is usually when he is dealing with his beloved Southwest, Mr. La Farge writes with his own combination of clarity, sense of character, and affection.

The title story is one of the really successful ones. The pause in the desert (to refresh a brand-new car which has gone a little mad with the heat) reveals the Southwest country and its men to a Californian and his wife. The old men at the crossroads store—aged from sixty-eight to seventy-three, and still good for a day's riding—are gentle, proud, and supremely self-possessed. The young wife is drawn to them, enchanted; the salesman husband, appalled by anything outside his city limits, is lost in defeat and hatred. The main point isn't in this minor domestic tragedy, but in the chance it gives for a loving portrayal of an ordinary afternoon in a barren country that has "the quality of howling."

To my mind, the gem of the collection is "The Resting Place," which is sure to be showing up in the anthologies before long. Another Southwest story, it is a genial fantasy of an anthropologist's reward for having loved his work, and for the perfect sympathy he has achieved with the culture he deals with—a sympathy which allows him years of fine conversation with the long-buried Old Men.

In "The Brush of the Wings," the author's focus is smaller—a sick child's bedroom in which his father, oppressed by a sense of death in the very season, falls into a deadly spiral of fear and foreboding. In this story, a long, wandering exposition builds to a single page of beautifully rendered tension. This is the most interior of the collection, and certainly well up among the best.

Another Southwest story deals again with sympathy between Indians and whites; but (perhaps because it isn't a fantasy?) the bond breaks for good when "The Happy Indian



"And until further funds for the purpose are granted, we've cut out defending the country on Saturdays!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughter" sounds falsely and horribly in a visiting girl's ear. In this one, Mr. La Farge has accomplished the hard job of allowing the reader to understand the Indian viewpoint while still being distinctly apart from it.

The rest of the book contains a varied lot indeed: a science-fiction piece; two fantasies, including the beginning of the strangest gunfight ever seen; two stories of a boys' school, something like a dry-cleaned "Stalky & Co."; two murders, one farcical; and stories of children, parents, and young love.

Not all of the stories collected here are memorable; many are, and all are just a little more than entertaining, at the least.

TROUBLE IN WEST AFRICA: John Wyllie's explosively titled novel **"Riot"** (Dutton, $3.50) doesn't go off with as satisfying a bang as one might wish. It deals with three panic-filled days of native insurrection in a city in British West Africa ruled uneasily by colonials of a government which has been busily relieving itself of the white man's burden during recent years; but despite its violent theme it is a curiously static book.

Sufficiently aware of the social and political complexity of his subject to avoid treating it in simple blacks and whites, Mr. Wyllie makes the mistake of introducing us so briefly to so many representatives of the various shadings in between that we hardly have time to get their names straight, much less to know them as human beings who are something more than an ideological cross-section. As a result, though the destinies of some of the characters are radically altered by events (some collapse permanently, others are reborn from their

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE PERIPATETIC WRITER

Day of the Dude

"In Search of the Golden West," by Earl Pomeroy *(Knopf. 233 pp. $5), is a history of the tourist in the western United States. It is reviewed by Robert L. Perkin, book editor of the Denver* Rocky Mountain News.

By Robert L. Perkin

BACK in 1893, only three years after the continent officially had been declared filled, the alert and prescient historian Frederick Jackson Turner began voicing his belief that the westward-moving West—the frontier—has been the dominant influence in the shaping of American history and culture. Of late, the Turner thesis has come under searching reexamination by contemporary scholars and found to be, by and large, still a sound analysis.

Now in a book called "In Search of the Golden West," Dr. Earl Pomeroy of the University of Oregon, who exercises at times a delightfully antic eye, introduces another factor: the much-maligned, much-courted tourist. The tourist, Dr. Pomeroy says, not only helped shape the West but was in turn shaped by it. And since the tourist, statistically, is you and me, we can blame or thank Pike's Peak, the Yellowstone geysers, and the Del Monte Hotel for some of our habits, particularly our restless urge to travel and see the sights.

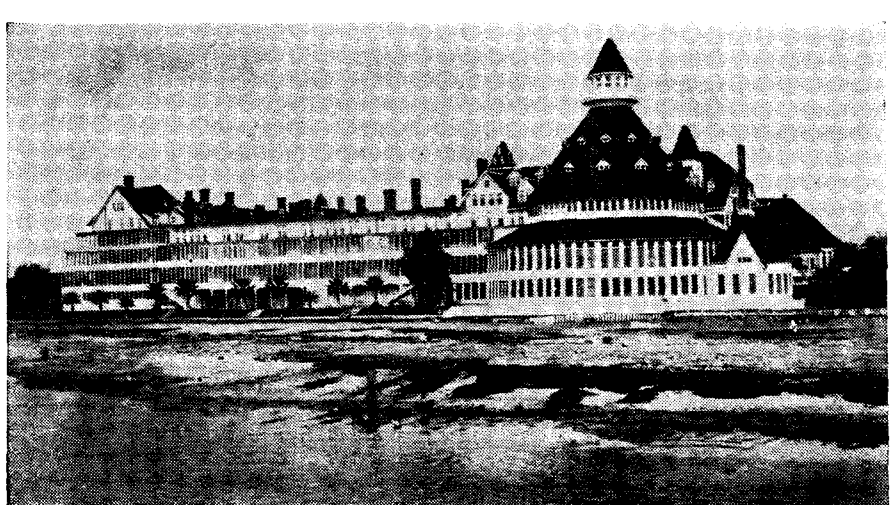
There are, of course, superficialities in this theme. The dude ranches and the "middle-aged businesswomen" of Western cities who sport "buckskin jackets and skirts such as only a fancy woman in her cups would have been willing to be seen in, dead or alive, three quarters of a century ago" are not just clowning aberrations. They make, as Dr. Pomeroy notes, "sound economic sense," but they also are no more synthetic than the hacks in New York's Central Park or, going back farther, Greek soldiers in ballet skirts. Cultivation of the Wild West legend is not *all* self-consciousness and dollar-catching. The atavistic impulse runs deep, and, as far as I can see, always has been exploited in all places to add color to life.

But this objection aside, "In Search of the Golden West" remains, to my knowledge, the only serious study of the American tourist in his most popular habitat and is a perceptive examination of the interplay between traveler and geography. The book has much to commend it. Not the least of its merits lies in the fact that it is serious without being deadly. There is, indeed, nostalgia and some laughter here.

"In Search of the Golden West" agreeably combines the formal history of our most recent and continuing westward movement with that amusing brand of social history which Dixon Wecter and Cleveland Amory have practiced so successfully. The pleasant net effect, akin to riffling an old family album, is much enhanced by thirty-two pages of delightful contemporary photographs: derby hats in the Garden of the Gods, swathed bathing beauties at Long Beach, knee-length cotton stockings on small boys wearing sailor straws.

Dr. Pomeroy takes a brief glance at such truly pioneer tourists as George Ruxton, Sir William Drummond Stewart, and Sir George Gore, who read Shakespeare to the trapper Jim Bridger and traveled with forty servants, 112 horses, six wagons, and twenty-one carts. The bulk of the book, however, deals with tourism since completion of the transcontinental railroads.

The golden spike scarcely was in place at Promontory Point in 1869 before wealthy Eastern tourists were rolling west by palace car and chartered train. They came seeking new



—*From "In Search of the Golden West."*

Hotel Del Coronado in Coronado, California—"seeking new Saratogas and Newports."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

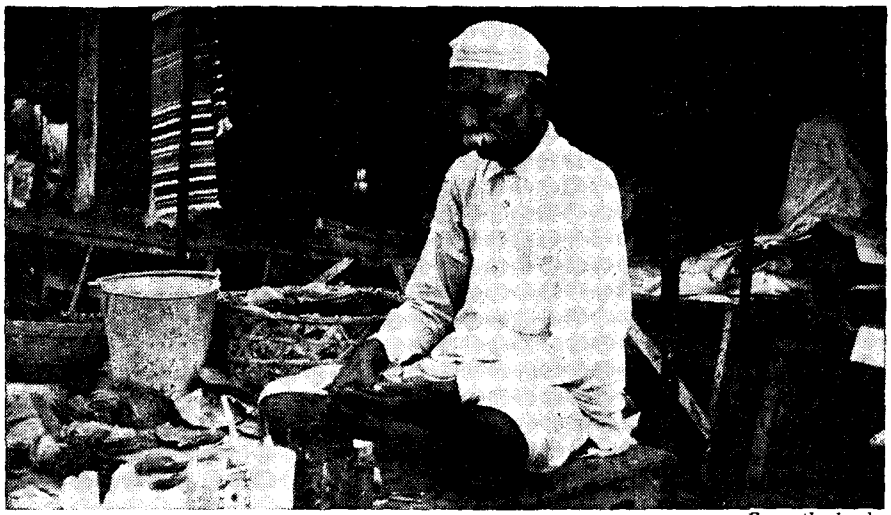
Saratogas and Newports, and the West did its best to supply them at Manitou and Monterey and Pasadena. This sort of tourism—which Dr. Pomeroy believes exerted an effeminizing influence on the West—was modified successively by the nature- and landscape-seekers, the outdoor movement and, most especially, by the automobile.

All these progressive phases are dealt with in turn and good humor. The account sometimes lacks a unity and becomes episodic, but Dr. Pomeroy has sought out a wealth of documentation, much of it in the words of the travelers themselves. (In fact, his footnotes are so extensive he has adopted the questionable practice of lumping them together, not more than one to a page, so that the reader can't always identify the specific source.

In the end, the author comes to the conclusion that although the great day of Western tourism, quantitatively, may still lie ahead, the tourist as an outsider, a rare bird on whom the season is always open, is a vanishing species. Cityscape and landscape are merging, and the tourist is continually meeting himself coming home. The West today, he notes, is less toured upon than touring. The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast areas now exceed all other sections of the country in percentages of families taking vacation trips.

Dr. Pomeroy is a little uneasy about this state of affairs. He echoes at times the often excessively sentimental nostalgia for wilderness which marks the extremists of the conservation movement. The day has arrived when one may find banana peels on summits in the Tetons or smoked oyster tins in the gorges of Dinosaur National Monument, and this makes no one very happy. But the bananas and the oysters were consumed by persons likely to be among those most shrill in defense of pristine wilderness, and the Westerner is moved at such junctures to insist on some human values—his own. There's a balance to be won. A ski lift up a fairly small mountain can be as spiritually renewing to thousands as a vast and inviolate wilderness is to an intense few.

The West and its tourists in all their varied plumages now enjoy both, and "In Search of the Golden West" explains why, for economic if not esthetic reasons, both will be conserved. Dr. Pomeroy has given us an acute, engaging, and provocative book: a lively look at ourselves as dudes and dude-wranglers over a century in which both time and tide were westward running.



—*From the book.*

Betel-leaf seller of Central India seated on a table in the streets.

Young Gentleman in the East

"Personal and Oriental," by Austin Coates *(Harper. 259 pp. $4), is a peripatetic Englishman's account of his journeys through the Far East. Robert Payne, an old Asian hand, reviews it.*

By Robert Payne

IN THE OLD DAYS the Grand Tour consisted of a voyage to England, France, Italy, and perhaps a few of the major Mediterranean islands. Fashions change, and the present-day young man of quality is likely to make the journey to the Far East. He peers through the bamboo curtain, visits the islands, talks with a few important dignitaries, spends a season or two in a Buddhist monastery, falls in love briefly with a Javanese girl, and returns home with the satisfying feeling that there has been a vast improvement in his sensitive awareness of the world's problems.

For perhaps half the length of his new book, "Personal and Oriental," Austin Coates gives the impression of being a young man of quality vastly entertained by the spectacle of himself wandering through legendary landscapes. He is amused and tolerant. Passport officials annoy him, he has little good to say for the government of Burma, Benares bores him, Pakistan is dismissed with a wave of the hand, and he is not altogether happy in the dance halls of Manila. But these are minor worries, and at the worst crises with passport officials he remains the urbane spectator, who can find something good to say even about bureaucrats.

If this were all, the book could be dismissed out of hand as just one more youthful excursion into the Asian scene. Mercifully it is far from being all. It is an uneven book, which sometimes gives the impression of being written by two separate people, one of them confused and gregarious, writing at great length about the middle-class families with which he stayed during his travels, the other a solitary who knows exactly where he is going. So in Japan, where he wandered alone, he writes with admirable precision, and in Hong Kong, where he stayed with a brawling family divided between a multitude of loyalties, he writes loosely, and in India, where he had many friends and also took part in solitary journeys, he writes at times brilliantly, at times with astonishing dullness. Friends seem to get in his way. He is at his best wandering around a country, tasting the sights and smells, talking to strangers.

He gives an excellent description of a few winter weeks in Japan. He visited Kyoto, Nara, and the Koyosan monastery, and brings them to life on the page—the gentleness and delicacy of the Japanese countryside, the mist lifting and the lakes mirroring the seven-tiered pagodas. The ordinary life in a Japanese home is faithfully recorded. It is a ceremonial life, and he pays tribute to the richness of the ceremonies. Japan intoxicated him, as it has intoxicated many others, but I have rarely read so vivid an account of a man's wanderings in that en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chanted land. Here he is describing his entrance into a monastery:

> I reentered the forest. On several sides arose pine-covered hills, on their lower slopes the long sober roofs of the monasteries. Small lanes led to them here and there through the trees. The smoke of cooking fires—pine smoke—rose to mingle with the falling mist. Woodcutters were returning to the village in rough-cut winter coats and cloth shoes. As I reached the canopied gate of the monastery where we were staying, and entered the age-old garden with its dwarf groves, lakes and ornamental bridges, two of the novices were just finishing a game of tennis. They greeted me, and the elder, who spoke some English, asked me to wait while he lit a lamp.

That night, kneeling before a low table and waiting for the wine to be served, it seemed to him that all the veils lifted, and quite suddenly, the miniature wine-cup still raised in his hand, he reached a pinnacle of earthly existence, beyond which it was not possible to go. He describes this mystical moment with complete conviction and with disarming humility. *It was brief and blinding*, and at the same time very quiet: the authentic flash had appeared, and afterwards there was darkness.

In Japan he is in his element, but there is an awkwardness in his account of Hong Kong which may be due to too great a familiarity. Freshness comes again in a country house in Bengal, when he describes old Devadas Babu, a rich scholar and landowner suffering from cancer, fading into the obscurity of suffering.

So he goes on, detailing his experiences, botching Burma, and very nearly botching the Philippines, but at home in India and Japan. In those countries he could see the manifold problems of the East with greater discernment.

One day in Calcutta, looking towards the great hump of Asia behind him, he wrote concerning China and India the best and bravest words in the whole book:

> My Chinese friends, menaced by Communism, took refuge in Confucius, quoted classic sayings from the Han dynasty, or else buried their bothered heads in the Church, which consoled them in a medium that was not quite their own, but was at least alive, real, and belonging to the twentieth century. My Indian friends, after discussing Communism in China and the East in general, moved on to the more congenial subject of the latest developments in European philosophy, literature, and art, and their relation to current Indian thought. My Chinese friends had arrived at a full stop of utter uncertainty, where for my Indian friends there was not even a comma.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEY WENT OVER THE HILL

Military personnel have been known to bypass discharge papers and to take unannounced departures. David A. Bernstein of Portland, Oregon, submits a fictional squad of such deserters and asks you to identify the works in which they appear (or disappear), and to supply the names of the authors. Courts martial will be convened on page 28.

1. This American soldier deserted the A.E.F. in post-First World War Paris after being unjustly arrested and imprisoned by the M.P.'s.
2. As the German armies in northern Italy collapsed in the spring of 1945, this Austrian deserted his unit and, guided by his father, returned to his Tyrolean homeland.
3. Although this redcoat deserted Burgoyne's army after its defeat at Saratoga, it was held an "honorable desertion" and he was paid a bounty when he rejoined the British forces in New York.
4. This Union private in an Ohio regiment in the Civil War deserted to the Confederate cause, was captured, escaped, was recaptured, and executed as a spy.
5. An Armenian serving in the Turkish forces, he deserted after the brutal slaughter of his compatriots by the Turks.
6. He deserted the German army on the eve of its evacuation of Paris in 1944 but was turned over to the Gestapo by an erstwhile friend.
7. A swim in an icy river and a rowboat ride over a stormy lake brought this youth to Switzerland after he deserted the Italian army.
8. His love for a Gypsy girl led this promising young non-commissioned officer to desert the Spanish army.

Lady in Italy

"The Surprise of Cremona," by Edith Templeton *(Harper. 295 pp. $3.50), is the journal of a spirited Englishwoman as she travels through Italy, from Cremona to Arezzo. Professor Thomas G. Bergin of Yale's romance department reviews it.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

EDITH TEMPLETON'S "The Surprise of Cremona" typifies my favorite kind of travel reading--an informal presentation of a good deal of information about the area covered, together with, *en passant*, a fairly detailed picture of the author. I think American readers will enjoy this British lady's gay and impressionistic record of her little tour from Cremona to Arezzo and may even forgive her disparagement of Wisconsin as well as her cavalier treatment of certain contemporary fetishes.

For the subject matter alone her book merits acclaim. Travel books of the discursive sort dealing with Italy include not uncommonly a chapter on Ravenna, but the towns of Parma, Cremona, and Mantua are frequently passed by even as the *rapido* from Milan passes them by, with brief notice and no encouragement to linger. And only very specialized books take you to Urbino. But Mrs. Templeton lingers everywhere and everywhere she enjoys herself. She admires most of the monuments and gives us, quite painlessly, a good deal of information about them, indulging in historical-sociological sallies when it suits her and picking up—indeed, though it be tactless to say of a lady, occasionally being picked up by—some interesting characters on her road.

Parma has not only cheese but Napoleonic memories, Mantua has not forgotten either Virgil or Gonzaga, Cremona has more than one surprise in its history, and Ravenna has its unique mosaics and its Byronic associations, and on all these subjects our happy guide, breezy, vivacious, full of her own prejudices and eager to share them with us, comments ebulliently. Her ideas on art, literature, and history are strictly her own: she cannot forgive Marie Louise for turning away from Napoleon, she explains Virgil's melancholy in economic terms, she has a poor opinion of the great Suabian Frederick II and an attitude of disconcerting irreverence towards Dante. I do not find her history always sound nor am I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded to accept all her esthetic judgments. No matter: she has a lot of fun and she communicates her *élan* if not always her prejudices to the reader. What more can we ask? I find here and there in her pages some highly quotable bits. Her shrewd commentary on the appeal of the foreign woman to the Italian male and her crisp paragraph on the Platonic love of the Renaissance are a little too long for quotation here but let me offer the following as examples of our author's free-wheeling *obiter dicta*:

> Castiglione is called "one of those extraordinary versatile Renaissance figures," but I think this is rot.

> Because of its nostalgic complexity and for many other reasons . . . the artichoke is my favorite vegetable.

> It is no good telling me about the bright lights which lit up the darkness of the Middle Ages. I would much rather have a hot bath a day than read a story from an illuminated manuscript.

Anyone who can so express herself and is willing to amble from one second-class hotel to another through a region of Italy that ought to be better known than it is well deserves our company on her journey. Many Italian males tried to follow her; why shouldn't we? Only two reservations: the book should have a map, as all travel books should. And, I say it with pain, now and again English grammar is a little too much for Mrs. Templeton; no one has ever told her, for example, that "like" is not a conjunction and, observant though she is, she hasn't yet noticed it herself.

THROUGH INDIA BY BICYCLE: Harold Elvin is an Englishman of unstated middle years who simply likes to travel and talk with people. His curiosity, and his cycle, have taken him all over the world and three books have already resulted from his travels. He is disarmingly naive and unpretentious, and in **"The Road to Chandigarh"** (Macmillan, $4.75), which is about his adventures in India, what he offers is an assorted and unselective report of a trip from near Poona to the foothills of the Himalayas.

At the beginning of this trip he was accompanied by four Indian boys and the first half of the book is very largely about them, the incidents and experiences of the road itself providing just an interesting and changing background. However, when the author parts company with his friends, he focuses more directly on the events of the trip: the things that stand out are his visit to the Taj Mahal, the Ellora Caves, and Chandigarh, the planned capital.

There is almost always some value in a book like this one if it is candidly written and honestly offered; in our relative ignorance of India and her people, we can scarcely realize what small knowledge we have. It is not facts that we need, but realistic images; that is, pictures of people and of the lives that they lead. "The Road to Chandigarh" gives us images, pictures, drawn with real honesty if not with great talent.

Harold Elvin himself seems to distrust all insights. In the name of freshness and tolerance, one assumes, he avoids reaching anything as definite as a conclusion. And of course he would lose something by weighing and judging. But suspended judgment is an uncomfortable state, for the reader if not for the writer in this case.

One waits in vain for a viewpoint to emerge, an attitude, however flexible, to appear. At the end of the book Harold Elvin, and the reader, are as curious as at the beginning . . . but they are equally unsatisfied.

—JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL.

THIS TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN OPORTO is among the 168 photographs by Yan in **"Portugal," by Yves Bottineau** (Studio-Crowell, $8.50). For all their limitations, they should be a come-on to this seldom-seen area. And that's a good thing, because the author's devotion to details of cathedrals, museums, monasteries, and convents, tends to slight equally captivating, if more secular aspects of the country. Nevertheless, for M. Bottineau's rundown on Portugal's history, and the sightseeing hints implicit in his "journey" through the various provinces, the book is a valuable supplement to Fodor. The nostalgic may, of course, yearn for some reference to Coimbra's unique "Portugal of the Little Ones" playground with its Lilliputian replicas of castles and mansions, and, similarly, I would have swapped the livestock photos for one of Lisbon's Carmo elevator or the fisherfolk at dusk with eels looped about their wrists. Finally, I wish Mr. Yan had succeeded in snapping more local characters unawares, but, like M. Bottineau, his forte is art treasures. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FDR: The Age He Helped Make

"The New Age of Franklin Roosevelt, 1932-1945," by Dexter Perkins *(University of Chicago Press. 193 pp. $3.50), is a leading historian's attempt to appraise the epoch and the role of FDR in our history. Professor C. Vann Woodward of Johns Hopkins University reviews it.*

By C. Vann Woodward

WITHOUT waiting for aid and support from the several multi-volumed studies of Franklin Roosevelt and his period that are currently under way, Professor Dexter Perkins boldly hands down in "The New Age of Franklin Roosevelt, 1932-1945" his considered opinion of the most controversial epoch in our history. This is no ordinary court of opinion we enter here. The improbable headgear that ordinarily serves this distinguished Cornell professor as a hat assumes the appearance of a magisterial wig, and we are quickly made aware that we are in the presence of authority.

In a small book on a large subject, the author is often strongly tempted to personalize history. It is a device that solves a lot of bothersome problems of organization and complicated detail at the expense of accuracy and perspective. The temptation is especially strong when the personality involved is so colorful and dominant as was that of Franklin Roosevelt. Professor Perkins firmly puts this temptation behind him and gets on with the serious business at hand. He is quite sufficiently aware of the importance of leadership and of the not inconsiderable gifts that Roosevelt displayed in that role. But in spite of the personalized title of his book, he never permits the complicated national and international history that he treats to be simplified by the biographical and anecdotal approach. When the subject is complicated, impersonal, and abstract, he faces up to the difficulties. And within the given limits of fewer than two hundred pages he enjoys a respectable success in solving them.

Approximately the first half of the book is given over to the New Deal and domestic problems. The author has two theses, or better, points, to offer about the New Deal. The first is that it had its roots in social circumstances that were quite independent of party influence and that the principal legislative measures of the New Deal originated before the Democrats returned to power. Among them were the agricultural reforms, the N.I.R.A., the devaluation of the dollar, and the Tennessee Valley Authority. He concludes that the spirit and needs of the time dictated actions finally taken and that "the President cannot be given much credit for originality."

Perkins's second major point is that most of the New Deal measures, even some that later became most controversial, were adopted in both houses of Congress by huge majorities, and that the New Deal consequently "represented the public opinion of the nation." The President's qualities of gusto and optimism, as well as his "qualities of deviousness and opportunism" bulked large in these events, but he often "*seemed* to be leading" rather than led. He was never a radical and his method was experimental rather than revolutionary. Weighing failures against successes, the author arrives at an assessment that is neither praise nor blame.

In the same judicious and detached spirit, the historian weighs the even more complex and controversial diplomacy, warfare, and international relations of the period. He tackles the bitterest and most partisan disputes with the same imperturbable poise and assurance. In the main he finds that the Roosevelt Administration moved with the tide of public opinion —from extreme isolationism to interventionism, and that in doing so it was not very different from the governments of our European allies. He believes that the President did show foresight and wisdom in warning of the dangers to come in 1937 and the years prior to the outbreak of war. He thinks that Roosevelt "equivocated miserably" during the campaign of 1940 and was "by no means completely ingenuous in his handling of the naval-escort question" after the adoption of lend-lease. On the other hand he dismisses as "pure legend" the idea that the President worked to provoke the Pearl Harbor attack. He finds that the Chief Executive in action was "sometimes bold, sometimes cautious, sometimes urged on by conviction of the peril, and sometimes heeding the siren voice of political opportunism."

On the whole, Professor Perkins places major emphasis "not on the limitations, but on the statesmanship of Roosevelt's course."

"He was never a radical and his method was experimental rather than revolutionary."

FDR: HIS RECORD: One sure sign of approaching age is the sudden realization that a very large percentage of Americans nowadays have no direct, personal recollection of Franklin Roosevelt or of the tumultuous era of American history which he dominated.

For conveying to this increasing audience some of the real flavor of life under the thirty-second President of the United States, the continuing stream of Roosevelt studies, biographies, and collected papers may not be entirely satisfactory. In **"The Roosevelt Reader"** (Rinehart, $3.50) historian Basil Rauch offers a book of selections from FDR's speeches, letters, and especially his verbatim press conference transcripts admirably suited for just this purpose. Brief enough to hold the casual reader, these selections (even without being wired for sound) still succeed in catching much of the special thrill and excitement that attached to the words and actions of "That Man in the White House."

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TR: His Diplomacy

"Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power," by Howard K. Beale *(John Hopkins Press. 600 pp. $6), is a study of our foreign policy at a crucial period in history. Professor Foster Rhea Dulles of Ohio State University, our reviewer, is the author of "The Imperial Years."*

By Foster Rhea Dulles

FOR many years Howard K. Beale has been engaged in an intensive study of Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Era. One of the first fruits of this to be published is an impressive and indeed monumental volume, an amazingly thorough and comprehensive study of TR's foreign policy called "Theodore Roosevelt and the Rise of America to World Power." Professor Beale draws upon a wealth of manuscript sources as well as printed material in developing his interesting theme—not only the letters, scrapbooks, appointment books of Roosevelt himself, but the papers of all important contemporaries.

Professor Beale does not try in this book to cover every phase of foreign policy in Roosevelt's day, nor does he follow a strictly chronological approach. He is concerned successively with Roosevelt's attitude toward imperialism, toward America's plunge into world power, toward the Anglo-American entente, toward China, and toward the balance of power in both the Far East and Europe. In this framework Latin America is largely ignored (except for very full treatment of the Venezuela claims controversy of 1902-1903), and Professor Beale remains primarily concerned with the broader aspects of Roosevelt's thinking as revealed in his own official and unofficial expressions of opinion which are quoted copiously—sometimes perhaps too copiously—with the most scrupulous documentation.

—*Culver.*

"The World's Constable"—"to help create a stable world."

It is of course Professor Beale's evaluation of Roosevelt that will most interest readers. He admires very much Roosevelt's keen comprehension of the world problems of his day and his great ability in dealing with them; yet he reaches the conclusion that in spite of his tremendous influence on foreign policy, Roosevelt failed in his most important objectives. The implications of this verdict are somewhat confusing in the light of the evidence of TR's successes that Professor Beale himself so meticulously presents.

Roosevelt's primary goal, the author states and clearly demonstrates, was to help create a stable world in which the great powers would refrain from making war upon one another. He sought peace founded upon justice. He was far ahead of his countrymen in accepting the interdependence of the modern world and the necessity for the United States to abandon its traditional isolationism. He fully understood the role of power politics in determining international alignments, and his own great concern with power reflected his conviction that if the United States were to exercise an effective influence for peace, the nation should speak from what a later generation would call a position of strength.

Yet as Professor Beale makes clear, when faced with a real crisis in

---

THE AGE OF CAUTION: Ever since Adam and Eve became concerned about Cain and Abel, elders have been wondering what the younger generation is coming to. This age of anxiety, wars, and atom bombs is surely no exception. Since 1940 a group of social scientists at Purdue University have been zealously querying teenagers as to what they think about themselves and the world they never made but is making them. Last week, after scientifically compiling the results of a poll of 2,500 ninth-to-twelfth graders of enough sexes, sections of the country, national backgrounds, religions, and variety of family incomes to provide a representative cross section of the American adolescent population, they presented their findings in a book called **"The American Teenager,"** by H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75). The manner of editorial presentation tended to sensationalize the conclusions a bit, but the data itself gave a picture of conservatism among the young that should raise the eyebrows of oldsters who were considered wild in their day. Some of the findings:

- More than 50 per cent think the large mass of Americans aren't capable of deciding for ourselves what's right and what's wrong.
- 34 per cent say that the government should prohibit some people from making public speeches.
- 25 per cent think scientists as a group are "more than a little bit odd."
- 39 per cent would deny visiting foreigners any right to criticize the United States.
- 33 per cent feel that there is nothing that they themselves might do to help prevent another war.
- 75 per cent state that obedience and respect for authority are the most important habits for children to learn.
- 38 per cent feel that the greatest threat to democracy in the United States comes from foreign ideas and foreign groups.
- 50 per cent feel upset if their group doesn't approve of them.
- 60 per cent approve of censorship of books, newspapers, magazines.
- 93 per cent believe that things are usually better than they seem at first.

—ARCHIBALD VAN VORHEES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

international affairs, Roosevelt sought —and successfully sought—to exercise a moderating influence to keep things on an even keel. There is the record of his peacemaking at Portsmouth, his skilful diplomacy at Algeciras, and his sensible conduct of relations with Japan.

Wherein then did Roosevelt fail? Professor Beale finds his failure implicit in the fact that within less than a decade after his successes, the powers were engaged in a struggle that immediately led to one world war and prepared the way for a second. TR had not established enduring peace.

This argument places responsibility for the whole course of recent world history on the shoulders of TR. It would seem on the one hand to attribute much more to his actual or potential influence than seems justified, and on the other, to ignore the fact that in many respects his successors did not follow his foreign policies in either the Far East or in Europe. And a judgment on Roosevelt based upon the outbreak of two world wars after he left office further assumes an omnipotent role for the United States—let alone Roosevelt himself—that ignores the limitations imposed upon any nation's foreign policy by forces beyond its control.

Professor Beale also says that one comes from a study of Roosevelt's policy "with a sense of tragedy" that his great abilities were turned toward imperialism and an urge for power. True it is that Roosevelt shared the racial prejudices of his day and was convinced that all virtue resided in the "civilized" nations of the West. Yet again it is going very far to suggest, as Professor Beale does, that Roosevelt's support for imperialism was significantly influential in the

(*Continued on page* 30)

THE MIND

The Brains of Dogs and Men

***"Battle for the Mind," by William Sargant** (Doubleday. 263 pp. $4.50), is a British psychiatrist's analysis of the methods used by brain-washers, evangelists, and some psychoanalysts in controlling mental behavior. Our reviewer, Dr. Franz Alexander, founder of the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, is at present director of the research center of Mt. Sinai Hospital, Los Angeles.*

By Franz Alexander, M.D.

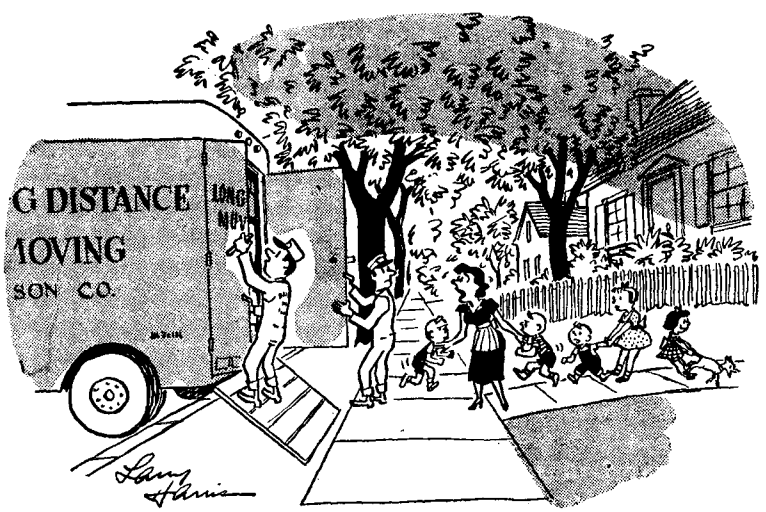
THE central thesis of William Sargant, president of the psychiatry section of the Royal Society of Medicine, in his new book "Battle for the Mind" is that emotionally overwhelming, intimidating experiences are apt to erase more recently acquired patterns of behavior and make the victims a prey of suggestion, more susceptible for adopting new beliefs and for giving up previous convictions—or in mental cases—giving up neurotic patterns. Sargant, who has been greatly influenced by Pavlov, points out the similarities between the demoralizing effect on dogs of certain conditioning experiences that are beyond their learning ability and traumatic experiences in humans who were subjected to primitive, drastic, religious conversion techniques or modern brain-washing procedures—or even to current methods of psychiatric treatment such as electric and insulin shock and brain surgery.

He makes little use of psychoanalytic concepts to explain these phenomena although, according to the foreword, the Rockefeller Foundation made it possible for him to spend a year at Harvard University to "learn about psychoanalytic theories and techniques."

The book is representative of a periodically recurring trend in psychiatry—at present again in vogue—veering away from psychological subtleties, from psychological understanding of disturbed functions of the human personality toward a cruder, simpler, and faster mechanistic approach, which attempts to explain and cure mental disturbances physiologically rather than psychologically. These physiological mechanisms are too general to be meaningfully applied to such complex phenomena as guilt and shame, confidence and despair, conflict between moral standards and basic instincts. They are even less useful to clarify such well-established and precisely studied psychological processes as repression, rationalization, projection, etc.

Admittedly, the psychological approach to mental disturbances is subtler, more complex, and time-consuming. It requires a great deal of training and experience, yet at the same time is better suited to the problem: the understanding of the complexities of human behavior. Psychotherapy requires patient and compassionate study of each person on his own merits with a basic respect for his individuality. Psychiatrists, frustrated by the magnitude of the task and exasperated by the irrationality of the mentally disturbed patient, time and time again have taken recourse to drastic and radical treatment methods by which they tried to "shock out" the patient from his stubborn adherence to his seemingly senseless symptoms. Terror and physical duress in the older days; electrical, pharmacological, and surgical assaults are well-known recent examples.

In spite of his basically anti-psychologic orientation, Sargant convincingly states the basic similarity of primitive religious and modern political brain-washing techniques and



"Thank heaven you finally got here! Would you mind bringing the TV in first?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the different kinds of shock methods in psychiatry by which a person is emotionally and physically overwhelmed and induced to give up religious and political beliefs—or as in psychiatry—faulty behavior patterns. He richly documents this by examples of religious and political conversions.

"The Battle for the Mind" is a thought-provoking book. What the reviewer misses is the inevitable, logical conclusion which Sargant fails to draw: that a psychiatric approach to mental disturbances which is appropriate to the value system of Western culture must be based on respect for the individual, on love instead of fear, on fostering the rule of reason, and on compassion instead of terror.

Submitting a patient to a treatment procedure which is more painful than the mental suffering for which the patient originally sought help, may induce him to give up his symptoms and—as psychoanalysts put it—"escape into health." Our experience is that such cures, even though often dramatic, rest on a shaky foundation and eventually lead to relapses or new breakdowns when the tortures of the treatment recede into the background. The only exception may be psychosurgery in which the anatomical mutilation deprives the patient of the capacity of suffering and conflict, but also of highly valued aspects of his personality.

Sargant, who likes to compare man with dogs (although he acknowledges that dogs do not attempt to treat men and could add that they do not build schools and churches nor plan for the future) does not quote the experience of an American animal psychologist, Lydell, whose neurotic pig-made-experimentally-neurotic by Pavlov's conditioning techniques lost all his symptoms when he saw an attendant toward whom he had a "positive transference," enter the room. The truth is love as well as fear can be therapeutic.

There is no short-cut either for education or mental health. One cannot teach French by injecting drugs into the pupil, or by performing brain operations on him, or by subjecting him to shock procedures. The harmonious integration of a mentally disturbed person's talents, conflicting desires, and conflicting aspirations with each other and with the cultural standards of his environment can be achieved only as a result of a constant growth process, fostered by psychotherapy, which is more similar to education than to surgery. In modern psychotherapy, unlike brain-washing, trust and confidence instead of fear are the basic therapeutic factors.

Drugs and Madness

"A Man Against Insanity," by Paul DeKruif *(Harcourt, Brace. 246 pp. $3.95), tells the story of Dr. Jack Ferguson and his development of new techniques in the treatment of the mentally disturbed. Dr. Harvey M. Cleckley, who reviews it, is on the psychiatric staff of the University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia.*

By Harvey M. Cleckley, M.D.

THERE are probably few physicians practicing today who have encountered more serious obstacles or more varied vicissitudes and disasters on their way to satisfactory personal adjustment than Dr. Jack Ferguson. A native Hoosier, Ferguson worked as a bartender and as a distillery employee for ten years, did not get his M.D. until he was forty. During his first year of general practice in a rural community called Hamlet, Ind., he achieved notable success. Then emotional problems and his old weakness, barbiturate addiction, gave him trouble. Time after time it became necessary for him to be confined for treatment in psychiatric hospitals.

As Paul DeKruif explains it in his new book "A Man Against Insanity," it was Dr. Ferguson's personal experience with psychosis that led to his eventual dedication to the task of relieving others similarly afflicted and for his extraordinary understanding of their problems. After his recovery from a last psychotic illness Dr. Ferguson became a member of the psychiatric staff of two Midwestern state hospitals. His intense interest in the pre-frontal lobotomy operation as a means of helping psychiatric patients gives DeKruif a chance to give an interesting discussion of this surgical procedure. Finally Dr. Ferguson obtained some of the new tranquilizing drugs and proceeded to use reserpine and Thorazine in the treatment of his patients. To counteract the severe depressions and other major complications sometimes produced by such medications he now uses a recently devised stimulant.

DeKruif emphasizes the point that these much publicized drugs are not likely to achieve permanent cures. For this he is to be commended because articles in newspapers and lay magazines have sometimes given an exaggerated and unrealistic idea of their effectiveness. He is nevertheless enthusiastic about the opportunities these so-called wonder drugs offer of

—*From "Les Caprices de Goya."*

"Personal experience with psychosis."

giving otherwise hopeless patients a sustained freedom from their most disabling manifestations of disorder. Though a number of articles in the psychiatric literature support DeKruif's optimism about the medications he discusses, it must be noted that some other observers seem to find them scarcely more useful than the familiar sedatives and pep-pills that have been available for decades.

DeKruif also maintains that the relieved or improved psychotic patient urgently needs human warmth and understanding to help him take the next steps forward. He repeatedly refers to interest, acceptance, recognition as a human being, and many other affective attitudes and personal relationships not described in detail as *love* or as *tender-loving-care* (*t-l-c*). Surely all psychiatrists will agree about the importance of these subtle—and perhaps in a sense, simple—elements of human relationship.

It is evident that DeKruif, a one-time teacher of pre-clinical subjects in an excellent medical school, is sincere and genuinely devoted to his subject. Whether or not his estimate of the value of the drugs he discusses may in time be proved accurate, his book is likely to promote interest in a very important problem. It is also possible that his opinions may mislead some laymen with mentally ill relatives.

"A Man Against Insanity" is a vigorously written, easy-to-read, often engrossing book. DeKruif is not above indulging in occasional cliches, but his style is folksy and intimate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor
Eloise Perry Hazard

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Book Review Editor
Raymond Walters, Jr.

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Science Editor
John Lear

Editorial Production
Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
John Mason Brown
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1957, by Saturday Review, Inc.

An Open Letter to David Lawrence

Editor's Note: *In its issue of June 7,* U. S. News & World Report *published an article titled "What's Back of the 'Fall-Out' Scare." The effect of the article was to question the good faith and the loyalty of those who spoke out on nuclear testing. It asked why critics of testing did not also call on the Soviet Union to discontinue its hydrogen bomb experimentation. The article indicated that both Pope Pius XII and Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who have expressed their concern on this issue, may have been influenced by Communist sources or at any rate have played into Communist hands. It was in connection with Dr. Schweitzer's statement that the editor of* The Saturday Review *was mentioned. The following letter by the editor of* SR *has been sent to David Lawrence, editor of* U.S. News & World Report.

U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT wants to know why the Soviet Union has not been called upon to discontinue nuclear testing by those who have expressed their concern over the effects of those tests.

The implication in your article is that the movement for cessation of nuclear testing is of politically suspicious origin.

Your article mentions Pope Pius XII and Dr. Albert Schweitzer as two world figures who have declared against the tests. In the context of your article, it is made to appear that both the Pope and Dr. Schweitzer have lent themselves to a Communist cause. In connection with Dr. Schweitzer's declaration, you mention my part in his decision to call attention to the danger of the tests.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that all those who are concerned about the hazards of nuclear explosions are Communists or dupes of Communists. It is equally inaccurate and unfair to say that the Soviet Union has been excluded from all statements calling for awareness of the possible effects of the tests.

Certainly the Communists have engaged in one-way propaganda on this point, which is to be expected.

Without any question, Communists throughout the world are trying to divert attention from Russia's own testing program by making it appear that the United States in particular is committing a grave crime against humanity. The American *Daily Worker*, for example, headlines every protest against the U.S. Not once has it denounced the Soviet for its nuclear experimentation or condemned it for the radioactive fallout that is jeopardizing Japanese food.

The reason for this is clear enough.

Soviet Russia is aware of the profound concern being felt by peoples all over the world. It knows that the struggle between the U.S. and the USSR may well be decided not on the nuclear battlefield but according to which way the majority of the world's peoples decide to turn. If ever the Soviet can speak for or represent the overwhelming majority—which is to say, Asia and Africa—it believes it will be only a question of time and attrition before the U.S. and the rest of the West begin to turn from within. By posing as the leading advocate of the cessation of nuclear testing, the Soviet can identify itself with dominant world opinion.

One can identify the central purposes in Communist propaganda strategy today for what they are, but it is equally important to recognize the need for the United States to come before the world with the kind of moral position that will justify our own claims to leadership.

Similarly, it is necessary to recognize that there is an honest and genuine concern here and elsewhere on the matter of testing and that this concern is not always politically motivated. In addition to Pope Pius and Dr. Schweitzer there are many men of integrity and responsibility who have spoken out on this issue and who have directed their appeals to all nations engaging in nuclear testing.

As it concerns Dr. Schweitzer, the following points should be made clear in fairness to a man who has devoted more than a half century of service to the human community:

(1) Dr. Schweitzer made it clear that he was not trying to single out the United States for criticism;

(2) Dr. Schweitzer emphasized that he was not asking that anything be done that would give any nation an advantage;

(3) Dr. Schweitzer called for a ban on nuclear testing under enforceable safeguards;

(4) Dr. Schweitzer was attempting to speak as a member of the human community deeply concerned with what is known and unknown about radiation effects;

(5) Dr. Schweitzer obtained most of his data from his fellow Nobel Prize winners. His statement is a factual account of the historical background of radiation plus a responsible consideration of various dangers represented by unlimited testing.

One of the papers I discussed with Dr. Schweitzer was a report prepared several years ago by Dr. Willard F. Libby for the Atomic Energy Commission. That report said that detectable amounts of radioactive strontium were found in samples of milk taken from various parts of the United States.

That particular report by Dr. Libby emphasized that the amount of radioactive strontium in the nation's milk was believed to be under the tolerance limits of human beings. Even so, Dr. Libby, now a member of the AEC, recommended in his report that estimates be obtained on the cost of decontaminating the milk supply. This would be done by extracting the calcium from the milk. The highly poisonous radioactive strontium has an affinity for calcium.

Another fact that should be taken into account in connection with Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Libby's report is that it was written before the large strontium-content bombs were exploded. A new report prepared under AEC auspices indicates that the radioactive strontium level in milk has since increased at least ten times.

Still another fact is that the tolerances of children, our main milk drinkers, are far lower than the tolerances of adults to radioactive exposure.

You also mention the concern over fallout expressed by Pope Pius XII. Your subheading asks whether the Pope, like Dr. Schweitzer, may have been "taken in." You will agree on reflection, I am sure, that this is gratuitous and unjust. Neither the Pope nor Dr. Schweitzer is so gullible and uninformed as to "be taken in by the inaccurate propaganda of the friends of Russia." The record of the Pope and Dr. Schweitzer as knowledgeable foes of Communism needs no exposition by me or anyone else.

The Pope's statements were related to facts put before him by Professor Masatoshi Matsushita. As the official representative of the Japanese government, Dr. Matsushita discussed with the Pope Japan's concern over the possible contamination of tissue by fallout radioactivity.

Most of the contamination of the atmosphere over Japan is the result of Russian nuclear explosions. Most of the contamination of fish, Japan's principal food, is the result of the Pacific test explosions by the U.S. and, more recently, by Great Britain.

The Japanese government has been forced to alert its people to the existence of detectable amounts of radioactive strontium in leafy vegetables and milk. Some of its concern, no doubt, is the result of the fact that recent autopsies have revealed the existence of radioactive strontium in human bones.

Dr. Matsushita, as Americans familiar with Japan well know, is not a Communist propagandist. He is a friend of the United States and one of the world's most respected educators. If the radioactive fallout over Japan is nothing to be concerned about, then he has traveled a long way for no cause.

In any event, whether Japan is right or wrong, the fact remains that each nation must be its own judge concerning the validity of its apprehensions, especially when those apprehensions have to do with the effects on its atmosphere produced by the experimentations of others.

* * *

The main issue, therefore, is not complicated. Does any nation—whether the United States, Great Britain, or the Soviet Union—have the right to contaminate the atmosphere that belongs to other peoples?

Other peoples beg the testing nations to recognize that the purity of their air is being jeopardized. Their own research has convinced them of these hazards.

So long as other nations take this position, neither we nor the Russians nor the British have the moral right to continue against the wishes of others. It is no answer for us to say that the risk is a small one. We have the right to determine what risks we wish to take for ourselves. If we wish, for example, to set off hydrogen bombs over the United States and we could confine the fallout to our own continental limit, this is a legitimate exercise of our sovereignty, whatever reflection it might have on our sanity. But since the fallout is totally uncontrolled, we have no more right to seize the air over other people's lands than the lands themselves.

If the situation were reversed and measures taken by other nations, however essential to their own security, had the effect of jeopardizing our atmosphere, we don't have to guess what our reaction would be. If what other nations did produced the slightest trace of poisonous substances in our vegetables and milk, possibly affecting the health of our children, there would be an outcry the like of which had never been heard before.

And if other nations tried to reassure us by referring to the fact that the poisonous substances are under permissible levels, we would make it clear that the correct amount of radioactive strontium in our bodies is no radioactive strontium.

* * *

The problem of nuclear testing has two distinct parts to it.

One part has to do with basic facts about fallout and its effects.

The other part has to do with our military position in the world.

Concerning the first part, there is no disagreement among scientists about the highly damaging effects of even the most minute quantities of radioactive strontium. It produces leukemia and tumors and cancers of the bones. Nor is there any disagreement over the fact that detectable amounts of such radioactive strontium from the tests have already turned up in food, as the U. S. Public Health Office can attest.

The basic dispute concerns the possible existence of a "threshold," as the scientists call it. What is the danger point of absorption in human beings? This is the major question.

Faced with such a question, it would seem logical to ask what happens if either side in the debate is wrong? Suppose that we should discontinue the testing, on the assumption that the tests are dangerous, and it should later be proved that the danger was not real?

In this case, we still have more than enough of the big bombs to destroy at least half the world. The main military question is the same as it was before: do we have the means to deliver them?

Now suppose that we continue the tests on the assumption that the tests are not dangerous, and it turns out that this danger was real?

In this case there is no way of retrieving the error. For the radioactive materials that would have been pumped into the air retain their potency for many years. There is no way of washing the sky. We will have jeopardized the health of our people, especially the young. It is doubtful that we add to the national security by weakening the basic structure of our children, doing harm to the soil of millions of our farmers, and causing possible genetic damage to countless numbers of unborn.

* * *

I return now to the central implication of your article, which is that there may be something suspect about anyone who speaks out against nuclear testing.

Certainly, it is doubted that we will be advancing the best interests of the American people if we attempt to discount every legitimate concern by serious-minded people as Communist-inspired or directed. Indeed, the Communists can make us look like fools if we attempt to decide important questions by reacting to what they do rather than by an affirmative and far-seeing policy of our own.

Nothing is more absurd than to flee from our convictions merely because others may embrace them for reasons of their own. We can twist our minds until they are senseless if we are concerned less about the strength and importance of our own ideas than we are about the techniques of propagandists. And we need constantly to remind ourselves that we must have some higher ultimate aim in life than to avoid being called soft on Communism. There is nothing disloyal, either to the nation or the human community, in the attempt to keep life on this planet as it was meant to be, preserving the vital balances that make life possible, and preserving the chances of a free and responsible society.

I recognize that *U. S. News & World Report* ran its account in absolute good faith. I am sure you will accept these comments for publication in the same light. —N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FIERCE FOR PENNSYLVANIA

THESE ROMANCERS—Catton, Eisenhower and Montgomery—overlook the really significant fact about Gettysburg (*SR* June 15): that men fight their fiercest to protect their homeland. Three-fifths of Meade's boys were Pennsylvanians, like their commanding general.

HENRY CASTOR.

Corte Madera, Calif.

DUBBING OVERTONES

MR. CATTON SEEMS to feel that Gettysburg is a sacred symbol about which only high priests such as himself and Mr. Miers are privileged to comment. Gettysburg had "overtones" all right, but so did Antietam and Shiloh and Chickamauga, and I am sure that President Eisenhower and a great many other Americans understand these overtones well, even though some of the Gettysburg overtones may have been dubbed in later by Mr. Catton and others.

DON MCGOWAN.

Jackson, Mich.

REGINA NO REX

SINCE ELIZABETH II will be our guest this fall, let us not, as was done in the biographical sketch on Marjorie Housepian (*SR* June 22), add error to our ignorance of the British Crown. She is Elizabeth Regina (Queen) not Elizabeth Rex (King).

DOUGLAS R. EMPRINGHAM.

San Mateo, Calif.

DO ANIMALS ACT?

MAX EASTMAN'S "How Human are Animals?" (*SR* June 22) is fascinating. But would it not be more scientific to assume the simplest possible, rather than a more complex, explanation of animal behavior in at least two instances? Dr. Lorenz's old dog Bully, for example, was perhaps neither "lying" nor "pretending" to bark at the neighbor's dog when he merely paused at his master, then rushed on and continued barking, this time at nothing. More likely, on the basis of the given details, Bully thought at first that he perceived a stranger and responded by show of attack. On reaching and recognizing his master, he was now faced with a changed situation, for he had now lost sight of his original stranger-danger stimulus. However, he continued to respond to the original danger stimulus by crossing the road and barking in a direction in which it was probably part of his behavior pattern to bark—the direction of a familiar "enemy," the neighbor's dog.

Similarly, would it not perhaps be more logical to assume that a cat, having skidded unexpectedly, would then try to adjust itself to the new situation by carefully smelling out any possible danger connected with that shocking loss of equilibrium, rather than begin play-acting in order to retain its dignity or to impress an onlooker?

NORA KELLY.

Ottawa, Ont.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"People don't go in for this heavy stuff in the hot weather. Why not put off the declaration until September?"

GOOD ANIMALS

A GOOD HUMAN has good animals (pets). But an animal is apt to be good first; and can also induce a human to similar goodness. These things come first. Animals' colors, plumage, eccentricities, etc. are hardly part of what a man needs to learn (they make good articles in magazines). My remarks are based on two years of: one parakeet, a snail breeding colony, goldfish, one turtle, one lizard. These all live with me in my one furnished room. I am sole custodian!

CAROLYN WILSON.

Peoria, Ill.

CULTURAL INVESTIGATION

WITH REFERENCE to Philip Wylie's comments on Americans abroad and the harm their manners and conduct generally do this country: I suppose no one knows Europe better than I do. During the past eight years I have spent six traveling there. Some years ago I was for three years in two consular posts. My feeling then was, and it is much stronger today, that at least half the Americans who go abroad ought not to be permitted to, and that a thorough investigation along cultural lines ought to be demanded in the case of nine-tenths of the rest.

MARC T. GREENE.

Thomaston, Me.

SHALL'S TO THE FORE

WHILE Mr. Rice (LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. *SR* June 22) is not likely to be swayed by mere examples of usage, I cannot resist calling to his attention the fact that two of the most widely quoted expressions of leaders of World War II violate his "rule." General Douglas MacArthur, usually considered one of the more careful users of language among our military men, is always quoted as having said "I shall return" to the Philippines under circumstances which certainly called for determination rather than simple futurity. Similarly, Sir Winston Churchill, at the climax of an oration which has become a modern classic of determination, starts a sentence with "We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France . . ." and uses eight more *we shall's* in the one sentence, followed by a *would* when the subject has shifted to the third person *Empire*.

ROBERT O. FRANTZ.

Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DOUBLE-CROSTIC WORLD

THE DEATH OF Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley is mourned by the entire population of the world of the Double-Crostic.

To have devised any literary form which would divert the multitude over long years of pleasure would be sufficient achievement for the ordinary mortal. But to have evolved a genre which so mystified, entertained, and instructed readers that it became their way of life for a certain hour each day was an accomplishment of the first order.

GORDON K. CREIGHTON.

Fryeburg, Me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

In the Good Old Summer Time

ONE OF the more significant changes in this new, post-TV era of film history is the growing realization that summer time is becoming movie time. With replacements or revivals on every channel and three hours of brand-new, air-conditioned entertainment on tap at the theatre down the street, the customers are beginning to queue up again. As a result, the movie companies—which not too long ago would have automatically held their major attractions for a late Fall release—are now tumbling over each other to get their strongest pictures onto the screen while their potential audiences can still be lured away from the TV set. One even hears occasionally, wistfully, the hope expressed that if a concentration of outstanding films can be presented at this time, the old, half-forgotten moviegoing habit may be revived.

Certainly, only a few years back a picture like the new Hecht-Hill-Lancaster **"Sweet Smell of Success"** (United Artists) would have been held off until cooler weather set in. For it's rough going at any time, this story of a sinister Broadway columnist and the scabrous, opportunistic press-agent who feeds him items. Following the current pattern for *exposé* pieces, it goes methodically about its business of dissecting a particularly alarming set of psychopaths and psychotics, relishing each new detail of sadism and degradation. Few of the characters emerge unscathed; none is to be admired.

And this is the disturbing thing about "Sweet Smell of Success" (and such recent films as "The Great Man" and "Face in the Crowd" as well). Their presentation of the contemporary scene is persuasive. One recognizes the backgrounds, for great emphasis is placed on authentic locales. One even recognizes—or *via* the gossip columns, one imagines he recognizes—some of the people themselves. But the view of these people, the attitude toward people in general is one of unmitigated contempt and distaste. "Success," for example, fairly bristles with call girls, corrupt police officers, pimps, and similar unsavory characters. Its central figure, the Broadway columnist played by Burt Lancaster, not only uses his power to make men crawl but displays an incestuously overprotective interest in his sister. While Tony Curtis, the press-agent, is willing to slander, pander, and frame if it will insure an item for his clients. Of redeeming features—whether a native shrewdness or intelligence that would in some measure account for Lancaster's eminence or a poverty-haunted childhood that might explain Curtis's unscrupulous drive—there is not a trace. Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman have fashioned a slick and morbidly fascinating film which Alexander Mackendrick has directed with an extraordinary feeling for the supercharged Times Square *milieu*. James Wong Howe has photographed it with dexterity and Elmer Bernstein has contributed an effective score. But "The Sweet Smell of Success" has the taste of ashes.

* * *

There is quite another flavor to Gene Kelly's **"The Happy Road"** (M-G-M), produced, directed by, and starring the versatile Mr. K. who, for the moment, seems to have hung up his dancing shoes. It's a fresh and sprightly little comedy centered about two kids who run away from school in Switzerland to be with their parents in Paris. (The girl, incidentally, is Brigitte Fossey, the unforgettable child in "Forbidden Games," now a personable junior miss.) Their parents, Kelly and Barbara Laage, find out and give chase to get them back to school, a chase that leads through some of the most beautiful sections of the French countryside—and to hilarious complications as their offspring enlist the support of other children along the way to throw the pursuing *gendarmes* off their track. At times the film is reminiscent of the old René Clair pictures. Kelly manages to keep the fun moving along briskly enough, although given to overemphasis where subtlety might be more in order. Best of all, despite his star billing, Kelly steps graciously aside through most of the footage for "cameo appearances" by Michael Redgrave and excellent French players.

* * *

Jerry Lewis, producer and star of **"The Delicate Delinquent"** (Paramount), is afflicted with no such modesty. Eked out with all the familiar Lewis facial contortions, shrieks, grunts, and pansy posturings, this one is hardly an embarrassment of riches.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

MARILYN MONROE
LAURENCE OLIVIER
in
THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL
in TECHNICOLOR®
Screen Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Produced and Directed by LAURENCE OLIVIER
Executive Producer MILTON H. GREENE
MARILYN MONROE PRODUCTIONS, INC. and L.O.P. LTD.
Presented by Warner Bros.

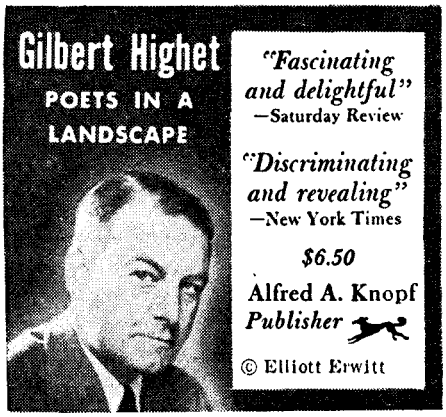
ON THE GREAT STAGE
BIG TOWN "NEW YORK IS A SUMMER FESTIVAL"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble... Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

CAPE COD CONSERVATORY of MUSIC and ARTS
Dr. Paul Giuliana, Pres.
1957 SUMMER SESSION
July 8-August 30
Courses in MUSIC, ART, DRAMA, DANCE, OPERA and THEATRE WORKSHOPS
Frederick Jagel • Ralph Lawton
J. W. S. Cox • Gordon Argo • La Meri
Intensive one and two week courses for teachers and performers. Preparatory department for children and teen-agers.
Write:
Mrs. Bernice Minot, Cape Cod Conservatory of Music, 210 South St., Hyannis, Mass.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Free brochure tells how we published 2000 books for authors. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. SR-1.
EXPOSITION PRESS / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

MEMO TO WRITERS:
The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Attn: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-8
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—This company is now in the market for manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 71—*it's free.* Vantage Press, 120 W. 31st St., New York 1.

Schweitzer Reprints

Still Available

Reprints of the Schweitzer Declaration of Conscience are available at the following prices: single copy, 5 cents; 50-99, 4 cents per copy; 100 or more, $3.50 per 100; 1,000 or more, $30 per 1,000. Add postage for fewer than five copies.

Reprints of the Schweitzer Declaration plus the round table on it, originally published in *SR* of May 25th, are available at the following prices: single copy, 10 cents; 50-99, 8 cents per copy; 100 or more, $7 per 100; 1,000 or more, $55 per 1,000.

Payment must accompany orders. We are not able to handle on a "bill later" basis.

Reprint Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Crosstown at Alexander's

ALEXANDER H. COHEN, who has long been promoting the theatre in general*, will next November turn his indefatigability and compulsion for hospitality to the task of promoting one theatre in particular. His own. This venture, which he will call The Nine O'Clock Theatre, will be planned to avoid much of what he finds objectionable in present-day theatregoing. Instead of requiring patrons to gulp down their dinners by 8 P.M. in order to fight their way through theatre-section traffic and make an 8:40 curtain, it will by locating itself in the less congested East 50s, and by delaying the curtain twenty minutes, make it possible for audiences to finish their meals in a more civilized manner. To make it easier for anxious hosts to get dilatory guests started towards the theatre, The Nine O'Clock Theatre will serve a pre-show coffee. Thus, a host may say, "Shall we have coffee?" but instead of heading for the living room the startled guest will find himself being ushered out the front door.

Once inside The Nine O'Clock Theatre there will be no annoying extra charges tacked on by concessionaires. Checking, refreshments, and even telephone calls will be free. Actually, a canny customer could by skipping the show make enough phone calls to more than recoup the price of admission, and have several cups of coffee to boot.

The theatre itself, at present a comfortable, deluxe movie house, will be remodeled by scene-designer Ralph Alswang with an exciting open stage replacing the conventional picture-frame set-up that is not only becoming ineffective for the best modern plays but which also makes all but a few rows of seating seem second class. On this platform, extending out into the audience, it is Mr. Cohen's ambition to present unique and interesting personalities for limited three-week engagements. "I want to present the kind of an evening that an audience of above-average intelligence will pay $6.75 for, and will go home feeling he's received his money's worth," says Westport's answer to Mike Todd.

While $6.75 may appear exorbitant, Mr. Cohen has found that today's leisure class is more concerned with time than money. "If a theatregoer spends four hours and a lot of preliminary effort getting to and seeing what turns out to be an unrewarding show, this wasted time represents more of a loss than the cost of the ticket. This will be doubly true if the customer is also besieged with the small annoyances Mr. Cohen has set out to eliminate.

AS FOR the shows themselves, he will exercise a wide taste. Some of the personalities he would like to present are Abe Burrows, Marcel Marceau, Gian Carlo Menotti, Kay Thompson, Jack Gilford, and Klavan and Finch. The latter are a pair of zany comics who appear daily on radio station WNEW. He also has in mind evenings with show-tune composers like Harold Arlen, Schwartz and Dietz, and Comden and Green. Finally, he would like to offer a series of such distinguished playwrights as Sean O'Casey, Arthur Miller, and Truman Capote narrating scenes from their plays and other works. These would not be impromptu evenings performed for tiny stipends, but expertly rehearsed and produced presentations for which the artists would be well paid. As his ace-in-the-hole, Mr. Cohen has already signed "At the Drop of a Hat," a two-man show that is the smash hit of this year's London season.

"I expect to make a large profit, and I will probably put most of it back into doing things like Pirandello's 'Henry IV,' with Tyrone Guthrie as director and Alfred Drake in the title role. I want to make money doing good things," he repeats, "because it's the good things that make money." Mr. Cohen's notion of "good things" is not limited to the intellectual Pirandello, but spreads out to include any theatre experience which leaves an upper middlebrow audience feeling rewarded. And for this genial showman a rewarding evening of theatre is in large part dependent on all the excitement an imaginative merchandiser can enhance it with.

—HENRY HEWES.

* As head of Theatrical Subsidiaries, Inc., Mr. Cohen has pioneered such projects as Summer Theatre bus tours, a mobile box-office which sells theatre tickets in front of suburban supermarkets, and one fantastic venture in which for $14.95 he offered a party which gave his customer a ride from New York to New Haven and back, a de luxe dinner enroute, an orchestra seat to the New Haven opening of "The Pajama Game," a pair of pajamas, a record album of the show, and a gift from Tiffany's. As operator of a packaged show-tour for TWA and Delta Airlines, he presents out-of-towners their only legal way of securing tickets to "My Fair Lady" without a markup on only three-weeks' notice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Stravinsky at Seventy-five, Copland at Ojai

Los Angeles.

THE seventy-fifth birthday of Igor Stravinsky supplied a festive motif for the Los Angeles Music Festival's concluding concert, June 17, and had the composer himself on the UCLA podium to conduct a portion of a program that was devoted wholly to his own works.

Among these were the first American performance of his "Canticum Sacrum," a work commissioned by the municipality of Venice and reciprocally dedicated to that city and its patron, Saint Mark. Scored for tenor and baritone soli, chorus, and orchestra, it was conducted by Stravinsky's efficient young disciple, Robert Craft, as was the score to his recent "Agon," described as a ballet designed for twelve dancers and modelled upon seventeenth and eighteenth-century French dance forms. The hearing constituted the world premiere of the latter work, which will be staged this November by the New York City Center Ballet.

The two pieces brought into juxtaposition the curiously diverse impulsion behind so much of Stravinsky's creative effort: his deep religiosity and his enthusiasm for the theatre. The "Canticum Sacrum" has the spare, angular lineaments and the emotional reticence of Stravinsky's writing at its most austere. Everything is *interieur*; there is no aural opulence, no coalescing instant in which the musical forces transcend the bounds of geometrical equation. Neither is there relief, in the dun-colored choral passages, the stark instrumental supplement, or the florid vocal soli, from that faintly penitential aura which characterizes this composer's devotional address.

"Agon," on the other hand, possesses the crystalline texture and rhythmic elan that vivify Stravinsky's writing for the theatre, and in which a lively instrumentation gives the most calculated device the effect of sudden and sardonic caprice. The orchestration, in fact, appears to recapitulate all the more telling expressive sallies of the composer's later music. There is the persistently nervous staccati, the unremitting rhythmic tension, the quick, febrile exchange of instrumental repartee which we have come to know. What individualizes "Agon" is its novel and exuberant use of timbres. Such interludes as harp staccati against the shimmer of mandolin, of flute configurations over castenets, or solo violin above trombones, as well as silken harmonics in the upper strings are provocative highlights in a tonal palette of characteristic cleanliness and candor.

One does not ask of ballet music that it be formally precise, but rhythmic and harmonic niceties, however persuasive, do not of themselves provide that integration without which a work is less than whole. Minus its visual components, at any rate, the music of "Agon," as with so much of later Stravinsky, emerges as irritatingly inconclusive, a series of arresting effects bearing only the most tenuous formal relationship to one another.

Both works were immaculately performed by an orchestra that had to be almost wholly of solo caliber, with the Roger Wagner Chorale and soloists Richard Robinson and Howard Chitjian lending musicianly vocalism to the first. Birthday congratulations from President Eisenhower and novelist Aldous Huxley were among honors presented the composer, who subsequently conducted his Symphony of Psalms and the canonic variations on Bach's "Vom Himmel hoch." The concert was one of four comprising the eleventh season of the Festival held annually under the direction of its founder, film composer Franz Waxman.

ANOTHER salient figure in contemporary music was prominent locally when Aaron Copland appeared in a three-fold capacity to lend his personal warmth and energizing skill to the eleventh annual Ojai Festival. Music by David Diamond, Benjamin Britten, and his own Concerto for Clarinet formed part of a program that enlisted Copland's offices as both conductor and composer. As pianist he joined Margery MacKay, mezzo-soprano, in a performance of his setting of "Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson," and for the concluding concert he returned to the podium to preside over concert excerpts from his folk opera, "The Tender Land."

Also included in the three-day festival were an afternoon of Mozart piano concerti performed by Lili Kraus with Ingolf Dahl conducting, an evening devoted to the neglected music of Heinrich Schütz, and a performance by wind instruments of music by Vivaldi, Hindemith, and Jean Francaix.

—Mildred Norton.

Because your friends will like Saturday Review too . . .

. . . we'll send a sample copy to them WITHOUT CHARGE

TO: SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.

Send a free copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW to the persons listed below.

7-6
To
Address
City Zone State

7-6
To
Address
City Zone State

7-6
To
Address
City Zone State

7-6
To
Address
City Zone State

7-6
Your name
Address
City Zone State

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Thoughts While Becalmed

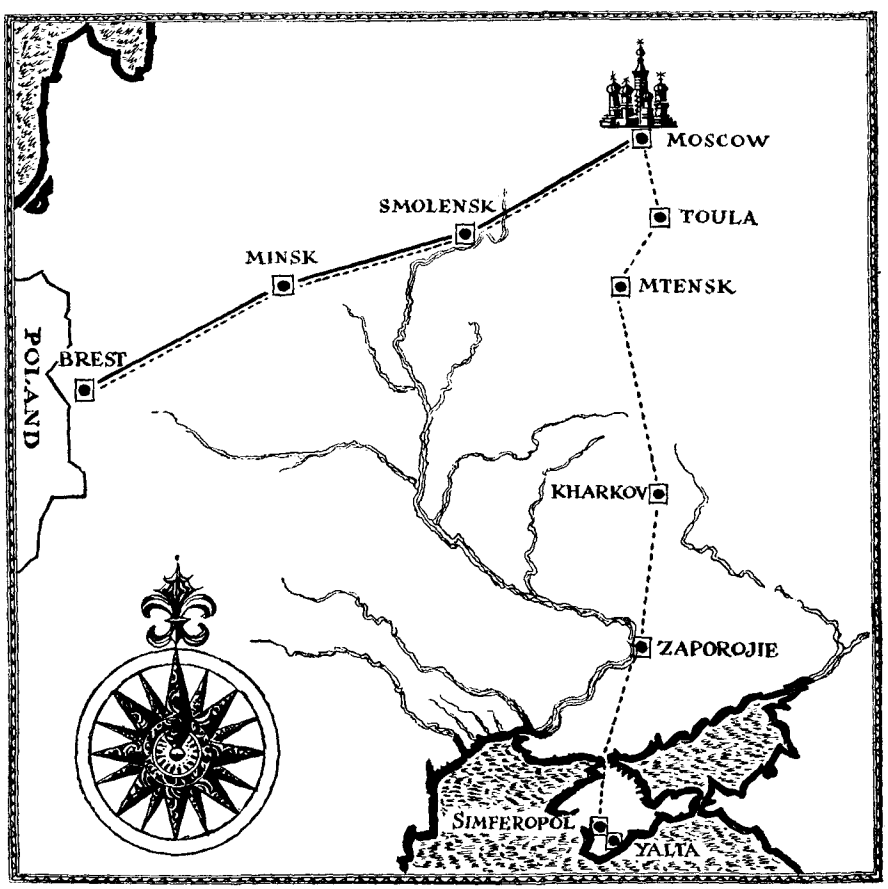
THE Russians have finally confirmed by mail the rumor that has been afloat for a number of weeks—they will allow Americans to tour the Soviet Union, or at least parts thereof, in their own cars. Two tours are being offered: one from Brest to Minsk, Smolensk, and Moscow, the other from Brest to Moscow by the same route, but adding a southern excursion by way of Kharkov down into the Crimea.

While quite obviously the motor tours have been planned along the regular tourist byways, and whereas they most certainly will avoid any strategic area, still the new relaxation is in itself a remarkable move. Consider that a few years ago, when the Soviet Union finally allowed Scandinavian Airlines to share its routes from the outside world into Leningrad and Moscow, it stipulated that SAS could not bring in its DC-6s or DC-6Bs. The excuse was that, since the airports at Copenhagen and Stockholm were not capable of handling the Russian TU-104 jets, SAS could not bring in "comparable" aircraft, which is to say, the DC-6 series. (DC-6s are piston-engine powered.) SAS next offered to place in Moscow service its then-new pressurized, twin-engine Metropolitan-440 Convairs. Permission was denied for this aircraft too, and the Scandinavians were required to fall back on their prewar Swedish-built non-pressurized Scandias. These planes, the Russians apparently felt, would not outclass its own Ilyushin 12s, which are a Soviet version of the American Convair but are old, skimpily decorated, and non-pressurized.

If the Russians were so apprehensive about letting their own citizens see the advanced stages of commercial aircraft in the West, why will they now permit a stream of the latest American cars, to say nothing of the rakish Citroen, the rich Jaguars, the Fiats, and the Ferraris to go trundling across the Communist countryside? Even the appearance of an American Embassy car within the Kremlin preserves is enough to draw a crowd of intrigued youngsters. Imagine the reactions in Minsk, Smolensk, and Mtensk when the Thunderbirds arrive, when the first new Chrysler Imperial cruises Kharkov, when the first Russian boy gets a chance to try the six electric windows of the Lincoln, when the Soviet citizen who is working to buy a Pobeda watches the first Ford hardtop retract its steel roof.

We think there can be no better demonstration of free enterprise, and we hope Americans will fill the highways from Brest and head eastward to spread the gospel on wheels. Here is how it is done: Americans who do not understand Russian will be assigned an interpreter who will ride along in the American car. The short tour from Brest to Moscow by way of Minsk and Smolensk will take thirteen days for the round trip and the cost will be slightly over $200 for first-class accommodations along the way, meals, and the services and accommodations of the interpreter. It could also be done with second-class accommodations for $121.

The longer tour, which will invade the attractive lands of the Crimea and visit Yalta, the home of the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin conference, costs $438 in first class, $303 in second class, and takes twenty-seven days. We think twenty-seven days in a car is going to be a strain on both the interpreter and the tourist, but with all that time in which to exchange ideas something ought to give.



THE CHOICE IN RUSSIAN AUTO-TOURS: The solid line indicates the route of the short tour: thirteen days, $212 for first-class accommodations plus interpreter. The dotted line indicates the long tour: twenty-seven days, $438 first-class. In both cases you have to go back the way you came: "In all that time something ought to give."

• • •

WE WERE fascinated to see Mr. John Pudney, the British scrivener writing in *The New York Times* the other Sunday, telling about his reactions upon arriving at Idlewild International Airport, the landing field that is long on title and short on facility. "I am not carping," the gentleman reported, "when I report that the customs system at International Airport, Idlewild, reminds me more of a bazaar on the road to Mecca than the point of entry to a great, friendly democracy." Well, habitues of this space will recall that we have been calling that nest of shacks on Long Island a national disgrace and worse. And we have roundly scored the Port of New York Authority because we think the new facilities which they are at last building on the barren meadows at Idlewild are coming a fat five years late. But compared to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what greets some ship travelers, those who come by the Holland-America Line and land on the wharves at Jersey, Idlewild looks as handsome as the glass parabolas that adorn the airport at St. Louis. And that is saying plenty.

We chanced to journey over to Hoboken the other morning to fetch some relatives from the *Statendam* which, all things going, is a handsome ship. And maybe we better say here that we have sailed the seas with the Holland-America people and we think they are nifty sailors. But what happens once a ship puts into the pestholes on the Jersey side of the Hudson and debarks its passengers on the promised land is something else again. It is enough for someone coming by car from Manhattan to Hoboken to find his way to the pier, for the streets are mostly unmarked and the police on the way told us they were too busy to explain the route to the docks. We found them at great length and after great travail, and were at once shunted by the police into a parking area which proved to be a private commercial enterprise. A gent was immediately at our window saying, "That will be one dollar please," in payment of which we were handed a ticket which read:

$1.00 Parking

Cars are parked at owner's risk. We reserve privilege of moving cars to other locations. No liability is assumed by the management for the loss or damage by fire, theft, or any other cause whatsoever occasioned to or by the vehicle while in the custody of the parking management.

Rudy's Parking

Subsequent investigation revealed that there is a free parking lot provided by the Holland-America Line, but police officers direct the traffic into Rudy's as if it were a one-way street. A railroad track runs across Rudy's place and when we went out to fetch our car after collecting our relations we were met with an urban scene of such charm we had to stop and take it in. A freight car was pulled up on the tracks and its doors were open on both sides revealing crates of Sunkist oranges. A pair of freight handlers skulked in the doorways, but standing with his foot on the step of the freight car and his face in an orange was a blue-coated hussar of the local Hoboken constabulary. As he sucked in the juice, a functionary of Rudy's said, "And what's good about them is they're so nice and cold." This seemed such a poignant thought we couldn't resist writing it down, and while we were so doing a freight handler advised the officer inhaling the orange of our unfriendly action. "Obscenity him," the keeper of the law said firmly, and spit out a pit on Hoboken's hallowed half-acre.

Of course, it isn't altogether necessary to take one's car to the docks in Hoboken. One can take the bus from the Port Authority Building, or one can pick up a cab in Hoboken. Three barkers were on the pier offering rides into town and we priced an excursion to Gotham on the far side of the Lincoln Tunnel. "How much to midtown New York?" we asked. "How many people and how much baggage yagot?" came the query. "Three people and four suitcases," we said. The eyes rolled skyward a moment, and then the barker thought of a number. "Twelve dollars," he said. And for that price, and more, the cabs were rolling through the pitted, sandblown plot, past the cop sponging the oranges, past Rudy's small principality, past garbage cans of burning refuse, up the unmarked dismal streets, carrying visitors getting their initial greeting to the shores of the United States.

• • •

MR. NED CALMER, whose stentorian tones are unleashed over the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was chinning with us the other night concerning the peculiarities of a flight from New York to Paris alongside a Frenchman just terminating his first visit here. When the hostess passed the menus the French visitor was rather startled to note that the meal was said to have been prepared by Maxim's, one of the most famous restaurants in Paris. "Excuse me," he said to our Mr. Calmer, after several puzzled minutes. "You have a Maxim's Restaurant in New York?" "Oh no," Mr. Calmer assured him, explaining that the meals were truly prepared in Paris, presumably under the supervision of Maxim's.

But then they were frozen and flown 3,500 miles across the ocean to New York. Once here they were placed, still frozen, aboard an airplane bound back to Paris. In flight they were defrosted and cooked. And that, explained Mr. Calmer, was how the airline happened to be serving a meal prepared by Maxim's in Paris on board a flight from New York to France. The Frenchman shook his head sadly. "All these years I have been arguing with my wife. Now, *hélas*, I have to agree with her. She always said you Americans were crazy."

—HORACE SUTTON.

IDEAS ON FILM

TWENTY-THREE films, of the several hundred that were shown last month at the Golden Reel Film Festival in New York City, were selected as top winners in their respective categories. Below are comments and pertinent data about some which are most likely to interest *SR* readers:

THE BIG CITY (24 min.), a fast-moving round-up of services provided to its citizens by municipal government around the clock; informative, exciting, and at the same time an excellent public-relations film for the City of St. Louis. Produced and distributed by Charles Guggenheim and Associates, 5522 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis 12, Mo.

A DESK FOR BILLIE (57 min., color or b&w), an exceptionally frank story based on events in the life of a young girl whose parents were "gypsy" migratory workers in the south; her experiences in the many public schools she attended off and on, and the influence of education upon her life, will be unforgettable to teachers who have the problem of dealing with such transient students; acting and directing (by Irving Rusinow) are commendable, but the film is a bit too long for its story. Produced by Agrafilms, for the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

VILLAGE OF SPAIN (20 min., color or b&w), a classroom film, more intimate than most, giving a picture of family life in a small unmechanized town in southern Spain; photographed and directed with considerable skill by Gunther von Fritsch; uncontroversially informative about a little-known area. Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler Productions, 801 N. Seward St., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

GALLANT LITTLE TAILOR (10 min.), one of Lotte Reiniger's delightful cut-out animation films based on the Grimm fairy tale, with giants, princess, and all. Produced by Primrose Productions in London; distributed by Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.

YOUR SHARE IN TOMORROW (27 min., color), the story of the New York Stock Exchange, giving an interesting summary of America's economic past and a run-down on how a local stock broker works; several sequences are so outstandingly beautiful that the film has been called (by so practical-minded a magazine as *Business Screen*) "a work of cinematic art"; certainly this is the best of the dozen or more films that have been made about the stock market and the free enterprise economy. Credit for the film's photographic distinction goes to its director, Francis Thompson. Produced by Knickerbocker Films and the International Film Foundation; distributed by Modern Talking Picture Service, 3 E. 54th St., New York 22, N.Y.

A SHORT VISION (7 min., color or b&w), a sobering film in animation about the big bomb and the end of the world; an even shorter version of this short film was shown several times last year on the Ed Sullivan TV show to audiences that were spellbound and electrified. Written, designed, and produced by Joan and Peter Foldes in London; distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

REPORT ON AFRICA (in two parts, each about 60 min.), another absorbing example of the fine film-reporting style developed by Ed Murrow and his television staff; part one deals with economic and social developments in the Gold Coast, Liberia, Kenya, Belgian Congo, and the Union of South Africa; part two goes into the northern regions: Sudan, Ethiopia, Egypt, Algeria, Morocco, and Libya. Produced by the CBS-TV show, "See It Now"; distributed by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N.Y.

THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT (37 min.), a charming dramatization of the Gogol short story, freely adapted by Wolf Mankowitz and set in London's East End; expertly enacted by David Kossoff as Morry the tailor and Alfie Bass as old man Fender; directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Wolf Suschitzky. Produced by Remus Productions in London; distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th St., New York 20, N.Y.

—CECILE STARR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Identity Is the Problem

"Other Knowledge: Poems New and Selected," by Lenore G. Marshall *(Noonday. 92 pp. $3), is the work of a poet much concerned with the search for self in a disordered and confusing time.*

By Stanley Kunitz

LENORE G. MARSHALL makes much less noise than many of her contemporaries, so that we must tune ourselves to listen to her modulated voice before we can begin to realize its distinction and authenticity. The title of her second volume of verse, in which she has included the best of her poems that appeared previously in "No Boundary," gives us a clue to the seriousness of her major theme. In "Other Knowledge: Poems New and Selected," without being hot for certainties she is above all concerned with the problem of identity, with the painful and difficult quest for the self amid the confusion of the life and the disorder of the time:

> Invented a person named I
> With a place of its own
> A certain thing to be done,
> And in fear for that one.

The self in her running fable is elusive and unpredictable, not to be grasped by reason, but it is the adventure of the search ("searching" is one of her favorite words) that gives us intimations of transcendence as it leads us from the known to the unknown.

> Not in the scraps of knowledge dug
> Like diamonds from the ground,
> For digging deepens the obscurity,
> But in the unattainable dark beyond,
> Searching, there lies the key.

"Other knowledge," as I interpret it, is the work of the creative intuition, which alone is capable of dissolving the boundaries between appearance and reality. At the same time "other knowledge" represents what we may hope to find, if we are lucky enough: an insight into the meaning of "the other," that is, ourself.

In this world of Miss Marshall's imagination the two great unifying experiences are of nature and of love. She perceives what E. M. Forster, in "Howards End," calls "the binding force" of trees and mountains and meadows, whose beauty, in the cycle of birth and death, reminds us of the vanity of human will:

> A yellow butterfly flutters up and
> a yellow leaf flutters down.
> Time ceases, the day is forever,
> but the slow will plods on.
>
> Zeno misled us: changeless dear golden hours
> Fly like Achilles, like an arrow, never still,
> Succeed and overcome themselves and the tortoise will.

In pursuit of her theme Miss Marshall does not always exclude conventional generality and unprocessed statement from her work—poets who have much to say tend to be somewhat impatient of their craft, of the hard necessity to purify their language—but she is capable at her best of writing with bright particularity. The bark of an elm is "mapped and rutted"; in the "twittering" of the "maiden leaves" of a birch she observes "how trepidation weaves frail pattern"; and she notices "how moss like small jade fire runs erect." In its larger configurations the natural universe challenges her to read its signs and correspondences accurately. On a mountain in Mexico, contemplating the starry night, she is led back to the universe within:

> You may say: I have seen all, the reaches of bright forever.
> Then ask: How stretch the mind as far as the eye?

The paradox of love, as Miss Marshall presents it, is that it comes to us as both a fulfillment and a sacrifice of identity. "Love Poem" closes with a stanza that crystallizes the interchange of selfhoods:

> Filled by the colors of green, to you I turn,
> The emerald of grass, the graying of sage, the dark of the pine,
> Knowing how you would see this leaf or fern,
> With your eyes or mine.

The very structure of "Two Poems in One" is composed out of the love-paradox. Poem One opens with the announcement that "Being ourselves is less than love / Is fraction maimed is separate bound," but the counter-proposition in Poem Two reads, "Being ourselves is more than love / What to do with this wound?" We are given to understand that the wound is implicit in the human condition, whether in separateness or in union. Miss Marshall visualizes the supreme triumph of the self as occurring in its moment of denial. "Yet born alone and die alone / No other nor on dream depend" . . . "Only ourselves, our self made one, / Giving back to love its origin."

Miss Marshall is most memorable when she is most disciplined. She has an impressive command of the basic dialectical pattern, of the poem created, in Yeats's phrase, out of the quarrel with oneself. "Invented a Person," "This Twentieth-Century Mind," and "As Though from Love," all of recent vintage, are particularly effective demonstrations of the idiom she is evolving, but there are several other wise and sensitive poems, that mark this book as one to read, to study, and to enjoy.

Lenore Marshall—"disciplined, impressive."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. John Andrews in "Three Soldiers," by John Dos Passos. 2. Severin Tannegg in "The Eye of God," by Ludwig Bemelmans. 3. Roger Lamb in "Proceed, Sergeant Lamb," by Robert Graves. 4. Dramer Brune in "Story of a Conscience," by Ambrose Bierce. 5. Sarkis Kilikian in "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," by Franz Werfel. 6. Brandt in "The Young Lions," by Irwin Shaw. 7. Frederic Henry in "A Farewell to Arms," by Ernest Hemingway. 8. Don Jose in "Carmen," by Prosper Merimee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sincerity and the Muse

***"The Strange Islands," by Thomas Merton** (New Directions. 101 pp. $3), is a new collection by the Trappist monk who first attracted attention with "The Seven Storey Mountain."*

By Donald Hall

THOMAS MERTON'S poems remind us of the curious definition of sincerity in art. In reading his new volume, "The Strange Islands," I think we hear a man saying what he believes he believes, but we hear him speaking poetry very badly. I should imagine that these poems are so "sincere" that Merton has not violated their immediacy by revision, nor their vision by thought. The result is the paradox of technical insincerity; poetry deficient in artistry sounds dishonest, and is a li to the Muse. Merton's new book is shoddy, second-hand, and forced. If anything, "The Strange Islands" is a decline from his earlier work, where one felt some dedication to the art. The true artist refines his feeling and thought in revision—if, as almost always, it is necessary—until he finds the absolute shape and motion which satisfy him; he may have lost the original impetus, and possibly he may no longer believe in the idea with which he began, but he is sincere as an artist if he is satisfied with nothing less than finality of expression.

America has been fortunate enough largely to escape the neo-Apocalyptic fad in verse which depressed England from the late Thirties to the middle Forties. (I wonder if the vogue of Thomas may not give us a taste of the fad *redivivus*.) Lesser men like J. F. Hendry and Henry Treece attempted to forge a movement out of the scraps of Thomas and Barker. Still lesser men followed Hendry and Treece. Time was, you couldn't open many English magazines without being subjected to hallucinatory sonnets. Thomas Merton's earlier work, and some of the poems in this book, comprise most of the American segment of this movement. In "The Strange Islands" we find "Those are radios, that were his eyes" and ". . . blades replace the upside down cathedrals/With a wallop of bells", and ". . . the furry buildings." The semi-surrealist phrases, indebted to Thomas as elsewhere Merton is indebted to a series of moderns, are only inappropriate; they say: Look at me, I'm a poem. The apparent self-consciousness of this derangement creates the tone I have called technical insincerity. Nowhere does there seem to be that struggle of idea with form which can lead to finality, the click which Yeats heard when a poem achieved its required form.

Dead rhythms characterize Merton's prosier, non-apocalyptic poems: "Such ruins cannot/Keep the armies of the dead/From starting up again." When Merton is writing high rhetoric, it seems forced and false, as in the "upside down cathedrals"; when he is more conversational, he is too flat, as in the cliché "armies of the dead." The pregnant abstraction—like "life" and "death"—too often rules the verse, of which the content is too often a simple, mechanical hatred of the contemporary world, repeated over and over without significant variation. Too often the words, from a lack of thought and imagination, seem foolish and empty poesy, vacuity tortured into nonsense:

> No, we must stand apart.
> If we learn their language
> We will no longer understand
> What is being said.

I grant that it is possible, with charity, to interpret these lines in the context, where natural and supernatural are being contrasted; but the form of the lines is cheap paradox, an attempt to make a common idea seem profound by reversal of the obvious; hard thinking is evaded by a trick of writing; the effect of poetry is confused with the strange, the apparently untrue. It is padding of the pseudo-imagination, and I am reminded, here and elsewhere, of certain contemporaries who, paid by the

Boy and Parade

By Rosalie Moore

HE WAITS, in a land where the daylight comes
down to the ground
In air that is mowed and empty
with only
The smell of the waterfalls of alfalfa,
When the waves begin swelling
Then roll and increase like drums.

A butterfly moves its wings
With the light hustle of hay;
The flag is farther—
Basted by a breeze.
Now as from dark to light
The bunting catches and flares—
Air full of criers,
Flag flying its sentence:

And he preens with belief, seeing
The pigeons battle the sunlight,
Rising on higher airs,
The dark ring at the throat
Shining and sailing,
The ring on the foot
Like a light.

And at night the true-blue boy stays on
As long as the fire works or lasts,
And in September remembers,
Sitting among the runes, faced with
the numbers:
Sees, and the fractions sprout,
Multiply leg and wing,
And the boy laughs out
As the grasshoppers jump like fire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

line, extend their poems with negative clauses; like: "No, I will never show you/The key which does exist /Which is unable to open/The imaginary lavender door/To the room which is not there." It sounds very poetical to most of the reviewers, but it is difficult to see just what has been accomplished.

I wonder what Merton might have written had he been capable of self-criticism? Is it possible that an extremely disciplined life finds its opposite in a lax poetry? "Perfection of the life, or of the work. . . ." Yet literary history is full of examples of the wedding of vocation and art. Nothing could be further from this Catholic poet than the artistic disciple of a Hopkins, in whose work there is a consistent rigor even when it fails. Many men primarily concerned with things other than literature seem to regard poetry as an emotional outlet rather than as art. Perhaps this attitude informs Merton's poems, for what they lack is the discipline of the true artist, to whom exact expression is the reward of a difficult labor.

ANOTHER QUEST FOR SELF: David L. Posner's book **"The Deserted Altar"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) has the feel of distinction, not only because the twenty-page title-poem won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford, the second time in 150 years an American has had it, but also because he has a style. His style is supple and full-bodied, able without excessive flourish to invent and handle form, and to use and finish a subject. But one never quite knows what the subject is.

The title-poem is ambitious, a thoroughly prize-winning sort of piece, and more thoroughly imaginary than anything else in the book. It tells of a long pilgrimage eastward to find an altar, the self, which as it turns out has not been sufficiently worshipped at. It seems a very long way to travel to reach the "Know thyself" we have had since the Greeks, even if the scenery is varied. Another long poem, "Of Promised Lands," closes the book, another travel-piece, but more actual and convincing, a more personal and much better account of exploration and home-coming.

Something seems about to happen on every page, in each of the shorter poems, and the reader is teased along by the style with its profusion of glimpses and places, bits of the almost familiar. Searching again for the exact spot where nothing did quite happen, one is led astray, not in any one spot, but at the many places where the origin of the poem, or the aimed purpose, goes past the reader without touching him. —JOHN HOLMES.

The Two Roosevelts

Continued from page 18

later failure of the West to recognize and come to terms with the nationalistic forces its own policies were encouraging. To state, as Professor Beale does, that Roosevelt's policy toward China helped to lead that country to Communism seems indeed very far-fetched—especially when he is somewhat contradictory as to whether Roosevelt's successors actually continued the Rooseveltian policy.

The question may well be asked whether the real cause for what Professor Beale considers the ultimate failure of Roosevelt's policies is not found in the unwillingness of the American people, until after the bitter experience of two wars, to accept his concept of responsible participation in world affairs.

TR AND THE IMPERIALISTS: Few periods of American history have witnessed decisions on foreign policy as fateful as those which occurred during what Foster Rhea Dulles has chosen to call **"The Imperial Years"** (Crowell, $5). "Only Anglo-Saxons can govern themselves," the still youthful William Allen White maintained; and he was equally sure that they could govern others. The Indiana Senator, Albert J. Beveridge said that God himself had marked us "as his chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world." And with considerably less conviction as to the direct guidance of the Almighty, these were also the views of such leaders of thought as Henry Adams, John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred Thayer Mahan, and many another ardent nationalist.

How did they get that way? Part of the answer is to be found in expansionism as a kind of common denominator for all American history down to their time. Expansionism was the dominant attitude, although many warning voices foretold with painful exactitude the ultimate results. The acquisition of colonies was a missionary duty; as good humanitarians we owed it to the rest of the world to spread far and wide the advantages of American civilization. Besides all this, there was the ever burgeoning interest in commercial expansion; not colonies alone, we were quick to learn, but commercial opportunities also, were a part of empire.

Professor Dulles's book is primarily a study in diplomacy. It gathers together the pertinent facts on how and why we got our empire, as well as how and why we so quickly tired of it.

—JOHN D. HICKS.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
RESERVATIONS FOR DEATH *Baynard Kendrick* (Morrow: $2.95)	Duncan Maclain, blind NY eye, investigates multiple air killing to solve businessman's murder; cops, FBI, also concerned.	Wiretaps all over the place; voice-reading important; cast not too convincing but yarn has good motion.	Plus mark.
MURDER ON THEIR MINDS *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.95)	Kent Murdock, Boston press photog., jolted when old pal (cop turned pvt. eye) goes west: nice police big help.	Good stand-up job all the way, with not-unguessable outcome; characters authentic; suspense well sustained.	Smooth sailing.
THE SECRET MOUNTAINS *John Appleby* (Washburn: $2.75)	British M.D. and wife, touring tiny republic of Andorra, run into heavy intrigue laced with gunfire.	Excellent travelogue, with fine air of plausibility throughout; good dialogue abounds; smash windup.	Nice going.
DRUG ON THE MARKET *Henry Brinton* (Macmillan: $2.75)	British M.P., holidaying in Cornwall, runs into gunfire, police, lady in distress.	Treatment somewhat overchatty, but has nice flavor, dialogue, personnel; microbes figure.	Plus mark.
MY KINGDOM FOR A HEARSE *Craig Rice* (S&S: $2.75)	Chicago lawyer is swivet as cosmetic company's female components aren't where they ought to be; Insp. von Flanagan also interested.	Huge cast carries load; slightly overlong, but reader's path is strewn with lively dialogue, snappy lines.	Gay and grewsome.
A CORPSE FOR BREAKFAST *Max Murray* (Washburn: $2.75)	Youthful British diplomat finds body in Mediterranean off Nice; does some non-diplomatic investigating.	Small boy most appealing character; others in cast vary from odd to dislikeable; pace largely good.	Plus mark.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 12

own ashes) the reader is affected no more than by a newspaper account of some distant catastrophe.

The seething exoticism of the Gold Coast setting, while sometimes rendered very effectively, often seems too self-consciously picturesque as revealed in Mr. Wyllie's over-opulent imagery. —JEROME STONE.

"The older people are all secret counter-revolutionaries, the youth are all secret counter-revolutionaries—that makes *us* some kind of lost generation, doesn't it!"

THREE CRIMES: The novel based on a true crime has always been a part of the literary scene and in recent months "Compulsion" has called new attention to the genre by becoming a heroic best-seller. But it has remained for Mary-Carter Roberts in **"Little Brother Fate"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) to take the three most celebrated cases of the Twenties and work them into a single novel. Her three cases are the Snyder-Gray, Leopold-Loeb, and Hall-Mills. She does not refer to them by these names, but they are unmistakably the ones. Nor does she try to weave the three murders together, but in three sections of the book takes each at a similar point of development. For this she deserves an A for effort, but the rest of her score card is not so glowing. Except for Leopold-Loeb, these crimes of the decade were not truly unusual. Others like them had been perpetrated over and over in history. What made them outstanding was the era of the Twenties which turned them into mad jamborees of extravagant newspaper sensation. Yet Miss Roberts is chary with her atmosphere of the times, and as a consequence the crimes are forced to stand on their own wobbly feet. The author is at her best with Ruth Snyder, showing great understanding of the human tigress who hypnotized Judd Gray into killing her husband with a sash-weight. Indeed, it is unfortunate that Miss Roberts did not devote her entire book to the Snyder-Gray case. Her former book, "The Abbot Sisters," was a fictionalized account of a single crime, and superior to this. In tackling three crimes, without space for background, implications, or psychological delving, Miss Roberts has over-reached herself. Or perhaps under-reached. It's hard to say exactly what her purpose is.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

DULY NOTED: **"The Love Seekers"** by Leonora Hornblow (Random House, $3.75), is a novel about the "dear, dirty, delicious city" of New York and two happiness seekers, Lewis and Letty. Both must make a break with the past and in a last agonizing fling Letty sees her former beau and Lewis his separated wife before they decide on a new life. This ample blend of romantic introspection and hardboiled love-making makes a strong summer tonic. —S. P. MANSTEN.

"Not Without Tears," by E. M. Holmes (Citadel, $3.50), is about a well-to-do Southern family, the Carews, whose widower head is partly responsible for the brother-sister fixation that besets and threatens the welfare of his children. A young psychiatrist straightens things out for a bit, only to succumb tragically to his own complexes. Mrs. Holmes develops her problem situation plausibly and sympathetically, but her solution is disappointingly melodramatic.

—S. P. M.

"Eroica," by Carl Pidoll (Vanguard, $3.50), though catalogued as a novel is a quite palatable, albeit a somewhat extended, programme review of Ludwig van Beethoven's life seen through the recollections of his devoted friend Nikolaus Zmeskall. A former European pianist, conductor, and critic, Mr. Pidoll has an enthusiasm for his subject that should strike a responsive chord with those fond of musical biographies. —S. P. M.

"The Conqueror's Wife," by Noel B. Gerson (Doubleday, $3.75), offers the

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE ART OF THE NOVEL. *By Henry James. Scribner's.* $2.75. Brilliant essays on the fictional form that were written as prefaces to the New York Edition of the author's works. The price seems a bit elevated.

SELECTED POEMS. *By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by C. F. MacIntyre. University of California Press.* $1.25. Selections from the German poet's less mystical writings in both German and English versions.

ON LOVE. *By Stendhal. Anchor.* $1.25. The first major work of the author of "The Red and the Black," an analysis of love in all times, places, and guises.

WAR AND PEACE. *By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Rosemary Edmonds. Penguin.* 2 vols., $3.50. The great story of Mother Russia at the time of the Napoleonic invasion, in a new translation.

CHAMBER MUSIC. *Edited by Alec Robertson. Pelican.* 95¢. A collection of essays on chamber music from the early eighteenth century to the present time compiled by a former BBC music broadcaster. There are numerous illustrations drawn from the musical scores.

THE GREEK MYTHS. *By Robert Graves. Penguin.* 2 vols., 95¢ each. Ancient tales of Greek gods, goddesses, and glory retold by England's eminent classical scholar and poet in the light of modern anthropological and archeological findings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inside story of the marriage of ambitious Lady Matilda to the military phenomenon of the eleventh century, the bastard Duke William of Normandy who bludgeoned his way to the English throne. Like all Gerson's historical fiction, this is competent and convincing reportage on boudoir and battlefield encounters. —S. P. M.

"Birthright," by Lettie Hamlett Rogers (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), begins by fixing our attention upon Martha Lyerly, a school teacher in the Southern town of Peegram at the time of the Supreme Court's fateful ruling against segregation. We are led to believe that the author's chief concern will be with the drama of race relationships, but it soon becomes clear that domestic relationships will take the center of the stage.

Harry Hibbard, the town's hero, his wife Carrie (who destroyed him), and his son Ray—these are the persons, not Martha, who engage our interest. She is the least well realized character when it is quite essential to the novel as a whole that she be fully realized.

—Ben Ray Redman.

"The Reefs of Taprobane," by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper, $5), has a writer who has made himself a reputation in the strange worlds of science-fiction, turning his talents to a world that is no less strange even though it exists in the here and now: the underwater world of the skin-diver.

The reefs of Taprobane are the submarine outposts of the southern tip of Ceylon, and they were the scene of many of the author's diving excursions, which included, here and at other points around Ceylon's coast, exploration and photographing of wrecks, thousand-year-old sunken temples, and the usual encounters with sharks, barracudas, and pearl divers.

The book is handsomely printed and illustrated with many superb photographs, some in color.

—Thomas E. Cooney.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1214)

Marianne Moore:
LIKE A BULWARK

Affirmed. Pent by power that holds it fast—/a paradox. Pent. Hard-pressed,/ you take the blame and are inviolate. . . ./Compressed; firmed by the thrust of the blast/till compact, like a bulwark against fate; . . ./As though flying Old Glory full mast.

American Tradition

Continued from page 9

ure as a government to have confidence in the people."

We have seen all of this, and we can still see too much of it if we look around carefully. Yet the crest of the wave is passing. It is passing because the American people are responding once more to that deepest and most profound of all of their instincts—the instinct to defend the tradition of freedom when it comes under attack. It is passing because the courts of America have stood firmly in defense of individual liberties. It is passing because many groups and individuals have stood up for the rights of their fellow Americans.

Scientists have made a contribution by their efforts to promote rational discussion of the dangers of too much secrecy about their work. The Congressional committee headed by Representative Moss has thrown much light on the secretive practices of some government agencies. The press, through its reports on the Moss Committee's work and through the efforts of individual newspapermen, has helped to break through some of the official barriers to the free flow of information. The American people are gradually getting the materials for a more factual understanding of Communism in the United States and the world. The events in Hungary have clearly demonstrated the essential falsity of Communist claims to a concern for civil liberties—and have contributed to the decline of the Communists here and in other free countries.

When I say that the crest of the wave is passing I do not mean that no threats to liberty exist. Arbitrary censorship both by private and governmental groups has continued to affect a wide area of American life. Government restrictions on the flow of information are still excessive in some agencies. Much confusion remains in the administration of security measures; some unfair procedures have become institutionalized. The pressures of conformity are still strong in many places. Yet I feel confident that the American tradition will flourish in the future as it has in the past. That tradition, to repeat, is something that lives inside of us. It is not a set of laws; and freedom itself is not simply the absence of restraint. Rather, it is an abiding inner faith that cannot be limited by doubt or by confusion or by fear. It is something built into the American soul, and in the long run it is unconquerable.

The secret of the American tradition is freedom—freedom unabridged and unadulterated, freedom that applies to everybody in the land at all times and places, freedom for those with whom we disagree as well as for those with whom we do agree.

AND the secret of freedom, in turn, is—just courage. The kind of courage, welling up instinctively in the breasts of individual citizens, which over and over again leads to the kind of actions that are commemorated in the experiences I have been writing about; the kind of courage which led the poet to cry:

> Yet, freedom, yet, thy banner, torn but flying,
> Streams like the thundercloud *against* the wind—

Freedom rests on courage; and courage, in its turn, rests on faith—on faith in ourselves and faith in our fellows, on faith that the thing which we believe in and which we live by is immortal and everlasting, a fundamental truth of the universe with which we move on toward the future. It is on this faith that our confidence finally rests. For out of this faith come those noble statements which show why this American tradition is in the end invulnerable; statements like that one of the Oklahoma schoolmaster—

"In a thing like this you don't stop to think. You just do what you feel you have to do."

On that spirit, and in that spirit, we can go ahead to broaden the great American tradition.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 732

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 732 will be found in the next issue.

CDBZZAGT RC YNA WGRFA

BH YNBCA ONB LGA DBY

CEGA BH YNARG WBCRYRBD.

ZAGYBD ZGLMAT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 731

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.

—Pascal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted: personal services: literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted: houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions 52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

FREE BOOK MANUSCRIPTS READ (25,000 word minimum) to satisfy urgent editorial needs. Prompt sales appraisal reports. Qualified manuscripts marketed. Details. Brochure Q and Market Newsletter free on request. MANHATTAN LITERARY AGENCY, 520 Fifth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership, 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

AMBASSADOR TYPING SERVICE—scriveners' good right hand. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

WRITERS! There is a strong demand in the New York market for all types of material. We offer honest appraisal and placement. Write for terms today! Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, marketing, 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING speeches, thesis guidance, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

EXPERT MANUSCRIPT TYPIST, stenographer, editorial reshaper, will assist reputable person(s). Mrs. Eli Camp, East Randolph, Vermont.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH WITHOUT A TEAR! Beginners? Advanced? Tutoring. Enjoy learning French with a true Parisienne. PLaza 9-6561 (NYC), RY 7-0328 (NY).

Learn Another Language AT HOME easily, quickly, naturally with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. You learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 modern languages available on life-like, conversational recordings. It's like living in another country. Complete language course available on FREE Trial. Send for FREE Book and Details on FREE Trial. No obligation. Linguaphone Institute, T-26-077 Radio City, New York 20.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ART

LONGING FOR LAUTREC? For Connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue. 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

OIL MINIATURE PORTRAITS (5" x 7") $50; by artist with talent for acquiring good likeness and underlying personality of sitter. Can work from photographs. Inquiries welcome about larger portraits. Helen Georger, RD2, Hamburg, N.Y.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form and free bulletin to INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

Friendly little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bi-lingual teachers. TAXCO School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

PHOTO SERVICES

ABSOLUTELY HIGHEST QUALITY professional double weight enlargements at dealer's prices. 5 x 7, 32¢; 8 x 10, 39¢; 11 x 14, 79¢. No extra charge for cropping or dodging. New negative from your photo, 50¢; minimum order $1. Foto Portrait Co., 1174 Ogden Ave., NYC 52.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MIDWEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 197SR, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California.

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES—We always get your book. Send your "wanted" list to BOOKLAND U.S.A., 31 Wadsworth SW, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books, complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

FREE CATALOGUES, Search Service. Old Favorites Bookshop, 36 Yonge, Toronto.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386-A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N.Y.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N.Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

READ—SO RICH, YET SO POOR—Incontrovertible facts about American economy. Don't miss this vivid expose, $1.50. T. H. Gibbins, 6515C Outlook Ave., Oakland 5, California.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES — Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS, Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R77. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

WILL SELL my valuable record collection. For complete list, write Box C-227.

PERSONALS

WANTED—PROFESSIONAL WRITER, college public relations, to research and organize distinctive, illustrated out-going publications for high-level business-and-education audience; create copy for fund-raising brochures, style special correspondence. Stimulating variety of assignments. One month annual vacation. Write fully. Box C-211.

CHARMING EXCLUSIVE MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive 1 room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

INTERESTED IN PURCHASING Brach or Picasso painting. Advise price, full description, photographs if possible. Box C-201.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

WANTED: Girl or Woman Writer, with published works, who needs steady support and additional material, to collaborate on timely manuscripts with busy, responsible executive. Position requires residence outside New York in several other attractive localities. Box B-983.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 (NYC).

EMPLOYMENT WANTED as houseman to manage small home for single gentleman. Cleaning, plain cooking, gardening, routine tasks. Educated, quiet, capable, middle forties, now employed as secretary-houseman. Honest and conscientious, seeks mature employer and comfortable atmosphere. Available September, possibly sooner. Box B-964.

MOVING? We will move you safely and cheaply. Call King Arthur anytime. ALgonquin 5-0794 (NYC).

TWO BACHELOR EXECUTIVES EXCHANGE smart/deluxe Hollywood apartment for same Manhattan, August 30-September 14. Box C-214.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

MAN, MIDDLE-AGED, congenial, like spend July vacation bachelor's home anywhere. Secluded. Can cook. Will pay. Box B-203.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN for a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-N, Omaha.

WANTED: Educated, musical, entrepreneur-minded woman around 28. Combination business associate/companion. West Texas. Box B-792.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

MAKE GOOD MONEY IN SPARE TIME without taking a job or putting in regular hours and without experience. $50 to $200 can be yours by showing Regal Christmas Cards to friends, neighbors, co-workers. So unusually beautiful they sell on sight. Write for FREE Christmas card album and sample boxes on approval. REGAL GREETINGS, Dept. 78, Ferndale, Michigan.

WE'RE RESTORING RUINED COLONIAL MANSION, Alamos, Sonora, Mexico. Hope for SR neighbors. Questions answered, $1. Ida Franklin, Globe, Arizona.

TEA TREAT! PAMPER YOUR PALATE with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING . . . delicious hot or iced. ½ lb. canisters—$1.45; Pound—$2.75, postpaid. Free Folder. CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, NYC.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, 38, prize-winning Southern daily, seeks greater challenge, opportunity, non-daily field, U.S., abroad. Best references. Box C-215.

ENGLISH TEACHERS WANTED. LIBRARIANS WANTED. September. Experienced, start up to $6,000. Free registration. CITY SUBURBAN AGENCY, 550 Fifth Ave., NYC.

Learn "BY EAR" with Dormiphone. While you sleep, amazing new scientific invention works for you. Revolutionary Dormiphonic tools give you a short-cut to learning languages, correct speech; memorizing facts, figures; ideal for self-improvement, relaxation, habit training. Saves time, effort. So simple children benefit. Used by educators, psychologists. Write today for fascinating FREE Book. No obligation. Modernophone, Inc., 322-067 Mezz., Radio City, New York 20.

24TH WRITER'S CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 22 to August 9, 1957. Outstanding staff including William E. Barrett, Warren Beck, Rolfe Humphries, Ellingwood (Bud) Kay, Virigina Sorensen, Richard Wormser. Write Don Saunders, Director, 229-B Macky, University of Colorado, Boulder.

YOUR POEMS PUBLISHED. Until July 30 only, 200 fine forty-page books, open flat, embossed covers, $185. Sample 50¢. Shields, 244 East Pearson, Chicago (11).

HAVE YOU A SON OR DAUGHTER with creative *talent who would flourish* in small friendly New England College? Programs in liberal and creative arts. A.A. degree. Sports. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

MAN, MATURE, SINGLE; linguistic, literary education; expert stenographer; offers services translation, research, rewrite; or editor's, writer's secretary; *hours, residence adjustable.* Box C-218.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure. "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

ARTISTIC, INTELLIGENT, dependable young male, B.A., desires position. Box C-220.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Spectacular color and action. Splendid for den or dormitory. Full size 13¾'x31½'. Two for $1.98. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

YOUNG WOMAN this side of a doctorate in English with knowledge of Romance languages desires free lance writing, rewriting, editing. Box B-793.

YOUNG BACHELOR seeks companion, Pennsylvania or NYC, two week trip New England, share expenses. Box C-219.

TUTORING. Fourth-year medical student, AB Harvard. Experienced tutoring chemistry, biology, mathematics. J. Hardy, WAdsworth 3-6800 (NYC).

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

FEMALE, 25, B.M., M.A.L.S., 3 years of experience, 2 with government in Europe, seeks position as music librarian in university or public library. ALA, MLA. Wants position that is challenging and offers possibilities for advancement. Box B-977.

PERSONALS

FOR SALE: Back issues New Yorker, 1947-1956. Excellent condition. Make offer. Box C-221.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

FAMILY ARMS — English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, 26, tiring of routine office work, desires unusual position with someone who is in need of an efficient helper. Some college, excellent memory, alert, versatile and willing to learn. Call CAnal 8-2750 (NYC) evenings, Saturday or Sunday.

A NEW QUARTERLY: Sample copy free upon request. MODERN AGE: A Conservative Review, edited by Russell Kirk. Politics, verse, fiction, criticism, philosophy, current affairs. Distinguished American and European contributors. Write to Foundation for Foreign Affairs, 64 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4. $3 a year.

URGENTLY SEEKING photographs and films of famous weddings, especially those of historical interest in public domain. Contact Box C-228.

WANTED: Position as traveling companion-secretary to lady, summer months or longer. Box C-226.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CONSIDERING VERMONT? 10 room "Cape Codder," partially furnished, $6,500. Main highway location, important crossroads village, excellent business possibilities. Suitable tearoom; minimum competition. Box 27, East Orange, N.J.

ATTRACTIVE ALL-YEAR-ROUND HOME located in a beautiful Vermont village. Historic area, short distance to many lakes, including Champlain. Near good hunting and fishing. 20 miles from Middlebury College. 8 rooms (4 bedrooms), bath, garage, furnace, recently redecorated, excellent condition. Garden spot and lawn. Picture and further information sent on request. Price $6,300. Theodore Sargent, Orwell, Vermont.

For Summer Rental

JULY 1 — SEPTEMBER 1. 3-bedroom apartment, country village accessible Mt. Mansfield, Lake Champlain. English tutoring. The Rowes, Waterbury, Vermont.

JAMESTOWN, R.I. Cheerful cottage on waterfront property completely equipped. Ideal for wholesome, carefree, country, seashore summer. $475 season; $250 half-season. Sleeps 5. McGaughan, 260 Bowen St., Providence, R.I.

WRITER-PAINTER-COMPOSER? Or just someone who wants to vacation in cool, beautiful, secluded surroundings? In historic Duxbury, on the bay overlooking Plymouth. Two ranch-type houses, each with three bedrooms, two baths, fireplaces, dish and clothes washers. Private pier. Everything supplied but linens. $150 weekly. Dorothy Wirt, S. Duxbury, Massachusetts.

1699 HOUSE, 12 rooms with modern additions including kitchen and large studio, 6 landscaped acres with brook. 3 miles from Ipswich, Mass. Box C-222.

TRAVEL

TAKE A PLANE but have your auto waiting upon your arrival. We deliver cars safely anywhere in U.S. Bonded drivers. Low rates. Barclay's Ship-A-Car Corp., 580 Fifth Ave., NYC. PLaza 7-3914.

FABULOUS SOUTH AFRICA, visiting Kruger Park, Swaziland, Zululand, Natal, Pondoland, Transkei, Tzitzikama Forest, Knysna and Cape Province. All Expense, $1,575 from New York. Write: CORONET TOURS, 530 West 6 St., Los Angeles 14, California.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN at LENOX MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Peter Tchaikowsky. Adjacent to Music Barn and Oscar Peterson. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Reading, discussion, writing, recreation in an attractive lake-shore setting. $48 weekly. Write Albert McLean, Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—relax amid scenic splendor, charming alpine chalet, superb food, sports. $45 to $60. Folder. Manchester, Vermont.

ARROWHEAD LODGE — EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Social, folk, square dancing, clay tennis courts. Sports. Informal. DEwey 2-4578 (NYC), Ellenville (NY) 502.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2,000 feet high midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; Luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square Dances. Crafts. Tennis. Golf. Motor Boating. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

TARA, Stamford, N.Y. Vacationland of the Western Catskills. Lovely accommodations . . . Deliciously prepared American cuisine . . . All outdoor sports . . . congenial, informal crowd. $45 weekly.

RUSTIC CABIN RETREAT, family appeal. Folder. FENIMORE, R.D. 1, Cooperstown, N.Y. Teacher's *Discount.*

WOODHOLME *in the Adirondacks*—a unique lodge located on Seventh Lake. Good home-cooked food. American Plan. $50 to $54 per week. Write R. W. Keough, Box 357 S, Inlet, N. Y.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

SHADOWOOD INN, Lenox, Mass. A small country inn in the Berkshires. Short walk to Tanglewood. Fine food, informal atmosphere, all sports. For details write The Rosenbergs, Dept. A., Lenox, Mass.

CHANTERWOOD NOT FOR YOU if it's TV, juke box, organized activities, luxury you want! But for enchanting deep woods, rustic Lodge, cabins, lakeside relaxation, tennis, boating, fine food, good music, congeniality, informality, nearness to Tanglewood. Pillow, moderate rates — CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, RD 2, Middlebury, Vermont. Southern food. Brochure available.

THE ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Friendly, relaxing, informal. For the artist or anyone seeking beauty, peace and quiet. Golf course—American Plan—Brochure.

INTERLAKEN INN — A charming resort on most beautiful lake in Berkshires. Incomparable swimming, golf, tennis, etc. Open to October 14. Colored brochure. Write Box 422, Lakeville, Conn.

POCONOS — Deluxe housekeeping cottages, on stream, private estate. Fireplaces. Quiet, cool, for discriminating guests. Box B-960.

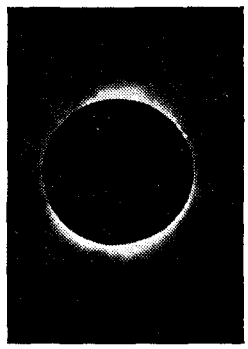
SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont. The Mastertons.

SPRING AND SUMMER ON farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, Hi-Fi. $77 to $97 weekly. LOngacre 4-1690 (NYC).

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N.Y. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work, loafing, recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Dr. I. G. Gardner.

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait XVI • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: Inside the Space-man

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *METEORGRAMS*
- *SCIENCE AND FREEDOM*
- *SPACE THUNDER*

THE photograph at our masthead this month of July hardly needs to be identified. It depicts the corona—the spectacular fringe of incandescence around the flaming globe of gas we call the sun. The picture was taken by Dr. I. G. Gardner, an amateur astronomer who works for the National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C. We publish it here because we think it may save many non-scientist readers from being disappointed by the International Geophysical Year.

The IGY is the greatest cooperative scientific enterprise ever undertaken by man. As such, it might be expected to create a lot of excitement that could be shared by non-scientists. Actually, the only event that has any probable excitement in it from the popular point of view is the transit of the artificial satellite, or manmade moon. And the moon is not scheduled to go up until next year (that is, the American-made moon won't rise until then; the Russians hope to put one of theirs up first; if they succeed, the moon will be just as interesting to watch). Aside from that, the titillations of the IGY will be intellectual rather than visceral. Oh, there may be emotional moments if ice cakes melt beneath observers floating around the North Pole, if Antarctic storms maroon scientists searching the bottom of the globe, if balloons run away or rockets misfire or boats capsize. But in the main the IGY thrills will come inwardly to the men all over the earth who will strive between now and December 31, 1958 to simultaneously note at hundreds of remote points every major symptom our earthly environment betrays of the behavior of the sun.

These particular eighteen months are ideal for the purpose because during this interval the sun will be passing through the most violent phase of its eleven-year cycle of gaseous pulsations. Sunspots will intensify; radiotelephone calls will be noisy; with luck, you may see a spectacular sky display of the aurora, or "northern lights." To expect more is to misunderstand what the IGY is all about.

If the foregoing gives you a letdown feeling after the newspaper hoopla of the last few days, why not renew your appreciation of the awesomeness of the sun by reading one or both of two Macmillan books: "The Sun and Its Influence," by M. A. Ellison and Giorgio Abetti's "The Sun"?

• • •

THE cover illustration of this issue of *The Saturday Review* exemplifies the degree of quiet in which most of the IGY will be steeped. The men in the photograph might be lounging on the deck of an ocean liner. They are really at post on a meteor watch, in reclining chairs the better to see the sky. The picture was taken at night. Flashlights can be noticed in several hands; they are for watchers' convenience in recording observations on star charts seen in the laps. We can't identify the individuals. We can attest that they are all Canadians. Their IGY activity (sixty-one nations are participating in the show) first came to our attention in the pages of Sky and Telescope, a magazine closely associated with the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass. We publish the picture through the courtesy of Peter M. Millman, of the National Research Council of Canada.

Why do scientists bother to give meteors more than a quick "Oh, my!"? Because the number of meteors affects the electrical properties of the atmosphere—hence can better or worsen communications; because meteors increase the dust content of the air and perhaps cause rain (regular rainfalls lasting from hours to weeks have been attributed by some weathermen to the showers of meteorites in old comet tails that the earth passes through each year); because meteors travel at speeds that man would like to attain with rockets and missiles, and could become models from which to predict performance; and because it has recently proved to be possible to send telegrams and phone messages along the trails of meteors in a way that does not permit the messages to be intercepted.

• • •

THE effects of science on international politics between now and the end of 1958 could be more sweeping than the effects of the IGY on scientific knowledge. Insufficient note has been made of the fact that the Rockefeller Foundation, through grants to enable research in non-controversial subjects, has broken the cold war ice between the Western world and the restless people of Poland. This has happened at a time when the Polish satellite is evincing profound interest in the split with traditional Marxism that Mao Tse-Tung's "doctrine of many flowers" represents. Modernization of Poland and China and all the other foci of human discontent plainly depend on science. Will that science come from

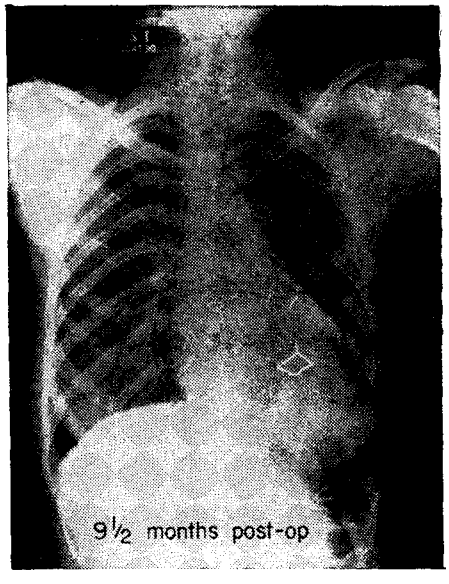
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia or from us? The Supreme Court of the United States invited a candid answer to that question in June by freeing scientists to resume their historic exchange of theory and experiment across national boundaries without fear of persecution by faceless accusers. Now, if ever, is the time for the State Department to restore Science Attaches in our diplomatic missions abroad.

• • •

SOME of the immediate practical values of international scientific intercourse are weighed in the current News Report of the National Academy of Sciences. Dr. Wallace W. Atwood, Jr., director of the NAS office of international relations, and Dr. M. H. Trytten, NAS director of scientific personnel, there describe fully for the first time the success achieved in assimilating into American life hundreds of scientific refugees from the Hungarian rebellion of last October.

A letter from Camp Kilmer, N. J., in the March issue of *SR/Research* described the beginnings of this recruitment. Now the News Report tells us that 750 scientists were interviewed at Kilmer and that 500 of them were placed in jobs at universities, research institutions, hospitals, libraries, agriculture experiment stations and government research laboratories. Starting salaries ranged from $4,000 to $15,000 a year. Practically all of the refugees were between 25 and 35 years of age, so their contribution to American science will be spread over a long future. Rarely did they displace native candidates for jobs; the great majority filled vacancies which otherwise would have remained empty because of the shortage of qualified researchers in this country.



There lives in Detroit a young mother whose heart ticks on an Elgin watch spring. The spring is what looks like a sorority pin in the X-ray picture above. It couldn't stay in her heart as bare metal, of course; so the doctors sewed it into a nylon flap and tucked it in her heart valve like a tiny purse. Up to the time of the operation, the valve wouldn't close and her blood leaked. She was too weak to walk. Now the watch spring closes the valve as regularly as her heartbeat opens it. She climbs stairs easily, and is able to do her own house work again.

The good fortune of freedom fighters who reached Kilmer became known on the other side of the Atlantic with astonishing dispatch. Letters began streaming into the camp from Hungarian refugees stranded in Europe. Couldn't something be done to help them? They could be just as useful to American science.

In response to these pleas, NAS used Ford and Rockefeller Foundation funds to establish a branch office in Vienna—a radical departure from past practice. There was no announcement of this either in the Austrian newspapers or on the radio. Yet the ink was not dry on interview forms the new office prepared before scientists were knocking on the door. An explanatory statement was issued after that, and, in the words of the News Report, "many scientists who had not requested immigration to any country and had not registered with any of the voluntary agencies literally came out of the woods."

Through these Vienna interviews, 300 more "fine young scientists and other professionally trained people who rejected the yoke of communism were helped to find new homes and opportunities" in America. Seventy-five others were routed to other lands of the free world. "Austria, which opened its borders to over 170,000 Hungarian refugees, was assisted in its great task of resettlement, and . . . highly skilled and talented Hungarian scholars were placed in the matrix of American technology in positions advantageous to themselves and to the educational and industrial institutions of the country."

• • •

THERE is a significant juxtaposition in time between the Supreme Court's insistence on respect for the individual and the Atomic Energy Commission's relegation of the individual to a secondary place of consideration in the A-bomb fallout controversy. Fundamentally, both the Court and the AEC are dealing with problems that spring from fear of Communism. The Court has interposed itself between that fear and the individual's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The AEC has taken a contrary course in arguing that fear of the Communists must be assuaged with a constantly bigger and deadlier A-bomb stockpile even if, in testing the bombs, known and unknown risks are taken with the individual citizen's health and life.

Many scientists have disagreed from the beginning with the AEC position, as stated by its scientific spokesman, Dr. Willard F. Libby. They have been dismayed by the Libby argument that fallout risks are "small." Up to last week, however, these dissenting opinions were cautiously confined to interpretation of the facts. Dr. Libby's critics not only refrained from attacking the scientific foundation of his conclusions—they went out of their way to emphasize the impeccability of his personal standing as a researcher. Last Friday this situation changed. There appeared on that day in *Science*, official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a communication which directly challenged the scientific validity of a fallout yardstick that Dr. Libby invented.

Dr. Libby had called his new standard of measurement "the MPC unit." He had used it, in a paper published in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences last year, to express the amount of Strontium 90 in milk, plants, soil, etc., in terms of what he said would be the safe maximum permissible concentration in the body of any individual citizen.

"The direct comparison . . . implies that the . . . terms are expressed in comparable units," W. O. Caster, of the department of physiological chemistry at the University of Minnesota, wrote in *Science*. "Unfortunately, this is not true."

What Dr. Libby had done, Caster (a Public Health Service research fellow of the National Heart Institute) pointed out, was to apply a safety standard intended for rigidly protected atomic laboratory workers 45 or more years of age to an unprotected population of all ages. To be really safe for everyone, Caster asserted the yardstick would have to include "at least three . . . factors" which Dr. Libby omitted: "a safety factor . . . an allowance for children, and . . . a heterogeneity factor." Caster offered a mathematical formula that contained these factors, then applied the formula to Dr. Libby's data and came up with the conclusion that "the Strontium 90 burden in the general population in 1955 was at least 10 per cent" of the safe maximum limit and that "if the predictions (made by Dr. Libby) concerning the next ten to fifteen years are correct" the Strontium 90 ingested by the general population "will shortly reach and exceed the maximum level com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

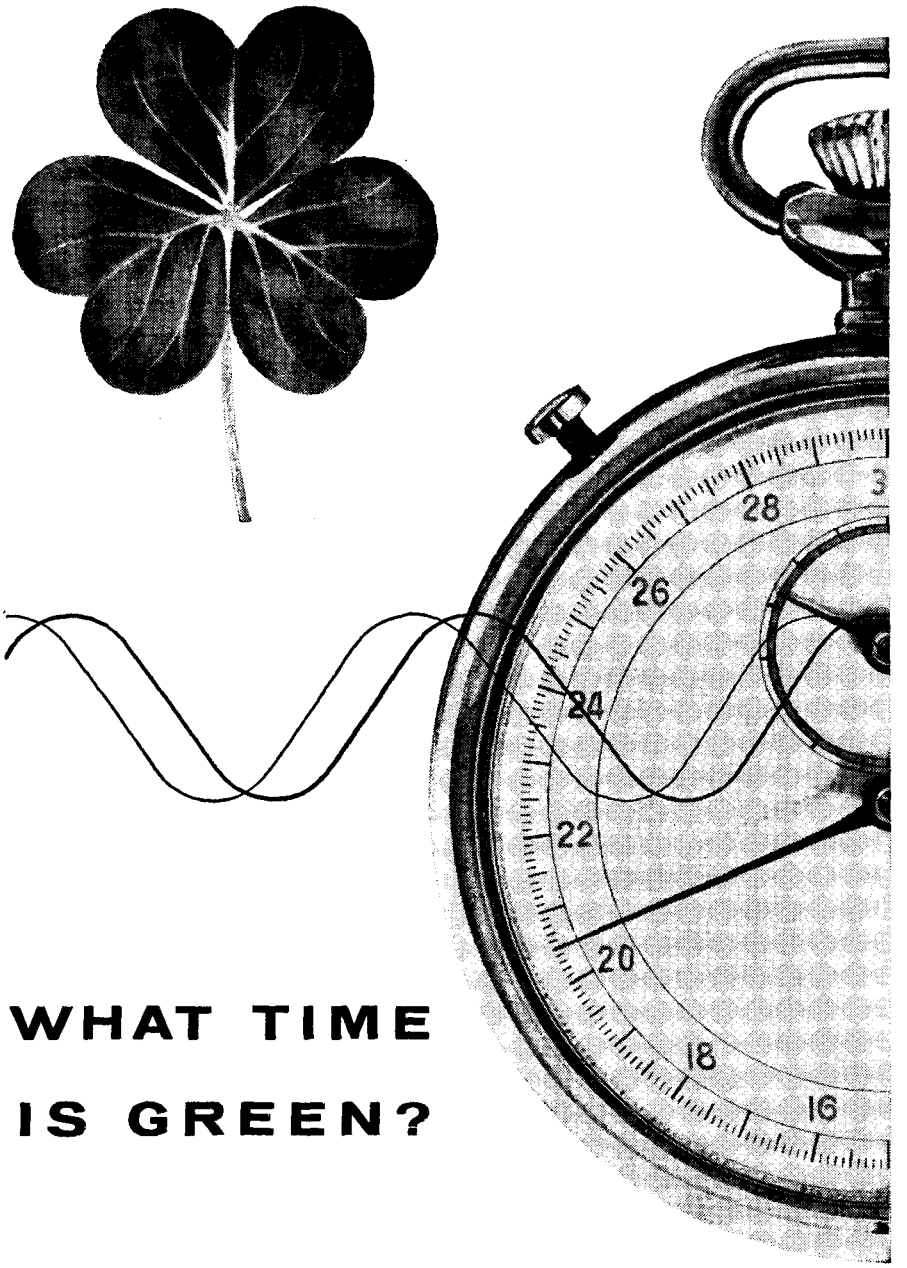
patible with public health and safety."

"This view gives a very different picture of the probable safety situation . . . (from that given by Dr. Libby's new "MPC unit") . . . and points to the hazards of introducing novel units of expression without first considering their fundamental nature," Caster declared, adding:

"If any simple safety measures are available, advantage should be taken of these without delay. Since some 80 per cent of the dietary calcium (and thus Strontium 90) that enters the body comes from milk and milk products it would seem possible to decrease the intake of Strontium 90 by decalcifying milk. Such a procedure is reportedly effective. The technology and economics of this process are essentially those used currently in the production of low-sodium milk and in a process for soft-curd milk. Milk calcium could then be replaced by calcium derived from ancient sources (limestone, for example) which would have a much lower Strontium 90 content. This procedure would not seriously disturb the calcium balance in the general population, and it could provide an immediate four to fivefold reduction in the intake of Strontium 90."

• • •

AT ITS 90th annual convention in Toronto two weeks ago, the Canadian Medical Association heard this report on the Salk vaccine against polio: "Protection (accorded by the vaccine) is a personal and not a community measure." In other words, vaccination should not be counted upon to limit the spread of polio—merely to protect the individual who gets a polio shot. Why? Because the vaccine has not demonstrated an ability to prevent people from carrying polio to others without themselves becoming infected. Source of this finding was Canada's most authoritative virus institution, the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories. The statement of the case was made by Dr. R. D. Defries, Connaught's director emeritus. Entirely independent of the Canadian report, the United States journal *Science* published a proposal (from Dr. Paul Meier, associate professor of biostatics at the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University) that "an appropriate body, such as the National Academy of Sciences" formally investigate "the failure" of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis "to make complete information available and to answer serious criticisms." The NFIP has unfalteringly advertised the Salk vaccine as a means of wiping out polio as an epidemic disease. (For his-



WHAT TIME IS GREEN?

In color television, the colors on the screen are determined in a special way. A reference signal is sent, then the color signals are matched against it. For example, when the second signal is out of step by 50-billionths of a second, the color is green; 130-billionths means blue.

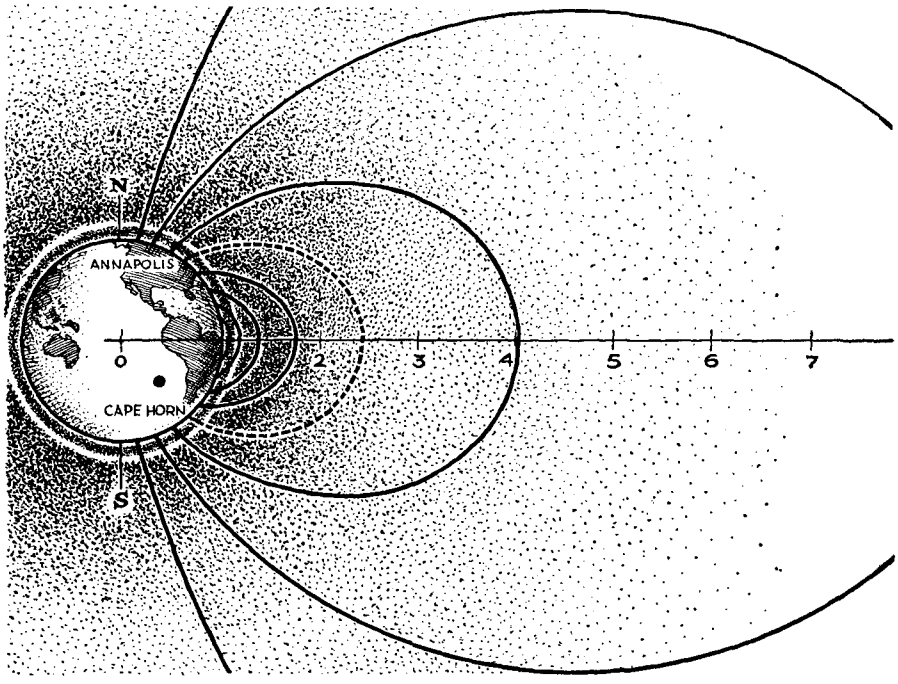
For colors to be true, the timing must be exact. An error of unbelievably small size can throw the entire picture off color. A delay of only a few billionths of a second can make a yellow dress appear green or a pale complexion look red.

To ready the Bell System's television network for color transmission, Bell Laboratories scientists developed equipment to measure wave delay to one-billionth of a second. If the waves are off as they wing across the country, they are corrected by equalizers which are placed at key points on the circuit.

This important contribution to color television is another example of the pioneer work done by Bell Telephone Laboratories to give America the finest communications in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES
World center of communications research and development

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Doughnut of dark dots surrounding earth in sketch above is old conception of ionosphere—blanket of electrons which bounces long waves of radio back to the ground. *Beginning 50 miles out in space, it was assumed to end 250 miles out.* Dots scattered through space in diminishing pattern outside the doughnut show how ionosphere depth has been extended by space thunder. Arcs mark curve of earth's magnetic field. Broken arc is route used in experiment described on this page. Numbers designate earth radii.

torical background, see *SR/Research* Mar. 26, 1956.)

• • •

SPACE thunder is a phenomenon you will be hearing about as the IGY proceeds. Like earthly thunder, it originates with lightning. But instead of rumbling across our terrestrial countryside with a rattle of windows and eardrums, it rolls silently thousands of miles out into the sky on the great arcs of earth's magnetic field and comes whistling back on the radio with a shriek and a whump.

These celestial whistles—howlers, they are sometimes called—have nagged the nerves of long distance communications men ever since the electron began to carry messages through the air. Carl Jansky, the Bell Laboratories genius who founded the new science of radio astronomy, was listening for them when he made his revolutionary discovery that it is possible to hear the stars as well as to see them. Yet with all his skill and patience, Jansky never found the source of the weird, unpredictable interruptions in radio-telephone calls.

It was in 1953 that a Canadian scientist, Dr. L. R. O. Storey, first suggested that the mysterious noises were triggered by lightning. He theorized that the ionosphere—a blanket of electrons that circles the earth about fifty miles up and bounces the longer waves of radio back to the ground —was neither as consistent nor as thin (200 miles) as had been supposed. If an electrical impulse once got through the thick lower edge of the blanket, he postulated, the energy would escape into space. And if the ionosphere thinned out gradually instead of ending abruptly at an altitude of 250 miles, there might be enough electrons present for the waves set off by the lightning to follow the arc of earth's magnetism and come back to the ground on the other side of the equator. If this did happen, he pointed out, the impulse from the lightning would be made up of many different frequencies, and as these frequencies got further away from the earth the higher frequencies would travel faster than the lower ones. On the radio, this would produce a sound beginning at a very shrill pitch and rapidly descending the musical scale to a dismally deep bass.

The lightning theory was convincing because radio whistlers did sound exactly as Dr. Storey said they should. Many scientists accepted it because it was so reasonable. However, the whole thing depended on the existence of electrical particles far beyond the point where earlier theories said the ionosphere ended. There was no proof that these particles were present in the sky at such distances.

Last fall the Radio Propagation Laboratories of Stanford University of California decided to hunt for the proof. With financial support from the Office of Naval Research, a team of scientists headed by Professor Robert A. Helliwell designed an experiment. They would send out a radio signal from the Navy's powerful transmitter at Annapolis, Maryland. The arc of earth's magnetism which comes to rest at Annapolis bulges across the equator and comes back down to earth's surface about a thousand miles south southwest of the Straits of Magellan. The total length of the arc is 20,000 miles and the equatorial bulge of that arc swings 6,000 miles out into space. If there were electrical particles as far out as 6,000 miles, the radio signal would follow the arc from Annapolis to Cape Horn.

Professor Helliwell packed off a research assistant, Ernest Gehrels, to a lonely lighthouse on the Straits of Magellan, there to assemble a radio receiver and listen sharply.

At the appointed time, the Annapolis transmitter broadcast a low frequency signal every two seconds for the duration of the experiment. In the Chilean lighthouse, Gehrels listened for two sounds—one fast and loud, the other faint and slow. He heard both. The message that bounced off the bottom of the ionosphere reached his earphones in five hundredths of a second. The message that boomeranged out into space and back took fifteen times as long to make the trip and was anywhere from 10 to 30 decibels fainter. Nevertheless, the reception was as dependable as though a cable had been looped across those 20,000 intervening miles of space.

Professor Helliwell sees the communication route he has stumbled upon as a means of exploring the exosphere—the space beyond the ionosphere. He already has evidence, from observations made in Alaska, where the magnetic arcs of the earth loop in and down toward the North Pole, that there may be electrical particles as far as 20,000 miles out.

All this has relevance to the IGY, and the National Science Foundation has recognized it by giving Professor Helliwell a grant of $118,000 to extend his studies. He will set up a network of ten stations around the Pacific—four in Alaska, three in the western United States, two in New Zealand and one on Macquarie Island —to serve as foundations for space arcs. If his assumptions are correct, he has the only available method of mapping space geography 200 to 1,500 miles above the earth. That's the region where man expects to hang his first artificial moon, and the moon's collisions with particles of matter will largely determine how long it may be expected to stay aloft.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

NO SENSATION

YOUR MAY 25 ISSUE is again devoted to extensive consideration of the tortuous and tortured problem of world poisoning by radioactive fallout. You wisely mention the many hazards confronting this sad old globe, lack of food, lack of affection and lack of tranquillity, but you permit your Science Editor, Mr. John Lear, some undue liberties.

The illustration covering the maximum permissible dose is unduly sensational and the chart behind the darkening gentleman scarcely proportionate to the facts.

On page 36 you publish a statement that . . . "the maximum permissible dose of atomic radiation set for the individual person by the National Committee on Radiation Protection has gone steadily down. In 1935, the weekly limit was 0.5 roentgens; in 1946, 0.3 roentgens, and in 1957, 0.096 roentgens." May I ask where the National Committee on Radiation Protection published data on permissible atomic radiation dose in 1935?

Mr. Lear's solution to our dilemma would be to match our spending for bomb tests dollar for dollar with spending for research into the reasons why men and nations hate and fear each other. Julius Caesar, Shakespeare and even Saint Agustun might reveal the answer without such foolish expenditure.

L. H. GARLAND, M. B.
Clinical Professor of Radiology
Stanford University Medical School
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The 1935 figure was published in National Bureau of Standards handbooks. It was reported correctly by the Science Editor. He made an error, however, in regard to Strontium 90's daughter Yttrium 90. Yttrium 90 has a halflife of 65 hours, not 65 days.*

MISNOMER

I WANT TO compliment you on a most interesting story about our new product, Pyroceram (*SR/Research*, June 1). However, I am sure you would want us to call your attention to a mistake which was made in the article. In the middle of the story you refer to Anson Houghton. The correct name is Alanson (Alanson B. Houghton) and his father was Amory Houghton, Jr.

WILLIAM C. DECKER, *President,*
Corning Glass Works.
Corning, N. Y.

OVERBLOWN GLASS?

I WOULD LIKE to point out a discrepancy in facts in the article "The Fabulous Glass Child" (*SR/Research*, June 1). On page 39 a comparison is made of the tensile strength of pyroceram with that of steel—giving 40,000 lbs. as half the tensile strength of steel. This is quite an unfair reference to steel—picking out a steel from the bottom of the list. I list below a number of steels in common use, giving their tensile strengths in lbs. per sq. in. (Mr. Salisbury here mentions twenty-one types of steel ranging in tensile strength from 250,000 to 355,000 lbs. per sq. in.)

In addition to the above standard steels, there are a number of tool steels that have tensile strengths around 325,000 lbs. per sq. in. These are known by their brand names, but their characteristics and properties are well known.

M. D. SALISBURY.
Bethlehem, Pa.

FOOD AND CANCER

LAST OCTOBER your magazine carried an article on Food and Cancer (*SR/Research*, Oct. 6) in which you discussed the Symposium on Chemical Food Additives in Rome, conducted by the International Union Against Cancer.

As you know, (U. S. Congressman) James J. Delaney (D., N. Y.) has introduced a bill (HR 4014) to assure safety of chemicals in food.

Such an amendment would realize the purpose of the resolutions adopted at the Rome symposium, and at a prior symposium of the Union in Sao Paulo, which I served as chairman.

To assure passage of this much needed legislation, it would be most helpful if your readers wrote to their congressmen urging support of the Delaney Bill with amendment to it, *to any other food additive bill*, and to the Miller Pesticide Act, specifying that approval for use in food should not be extended to chemicals found to incite cancer.

WILLIAM E. SMITH, M.D.
Englewood, N. J.

OVERSIGHT

IF THE EXPLANATION for the rust-inhibiting action of potassium pertechnetate is as simple as that given in RESEARCH IN AMERICA (*SR/Research*, June 1), Dr. Cartledge need not have waited for technetium to emerge from the nuclear piles. Potassium permanganate would fill the same electronic requirement stated, and manganese is readily available and rather inexpensive.

LAWRENCE SUCHOW.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Cartledge explains: "Your correspondent has overlooked the very important consideration that potassium permanganate is, unfortunately, one of our strongest oxidizing agents. It reacts chemically with iron or carbon steel under the conditions of the technetium experiments and hence loses the MnO_4^- structure, which doubtless would have inhibiting properties if it could persist." While the question is open, SR/Research would like to correct some typographical errors in the original item. Technetium (that's the correct spelling) is assumed to have existed naturally in the early life of the earth, and to have died out through radioactive decay in subsequent ages. Man first made it in an atom-smasher in 1937 (not 1957) but experimentally viable amounts were not available until the Oak Ridge A-furnaces fired up to manufacture A-bombs.*

Pardon the intrusion...but if you're an engineer, Douglas needs you!

Maybe your engineering talents won't win her heart. But how about trying them out on us?

Douglas offers you assignments on projects of such tremendous scope as

. . . the exciting DC-8 jet transport.

. . . THOR, top-priority intermediate range ballistics missile.

. . . and many more commercial and military projects that assure engineers greater promotion opportunities, a chance to plan far into the future and to gain substantial rewards.

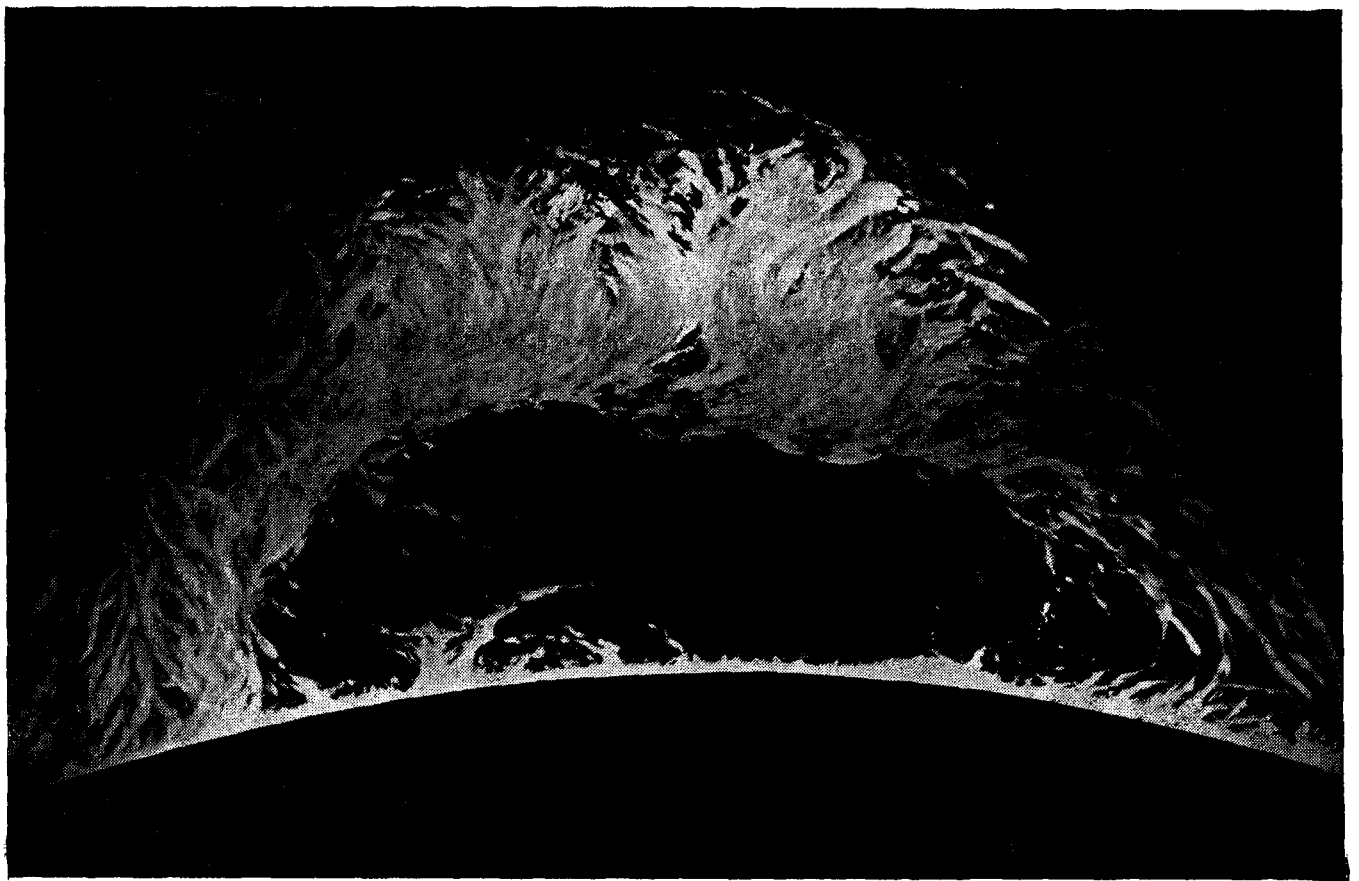
Douglas plants and facilities give you a nationwide choice of pleasant places to live.

Please write for complete information to:

C. C. LaVENE
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY
BOX 620-S
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Go further with DOUGLAS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From a mural at the Hayden Planetarium*

Bridges of flame, like this one, spanning thousands of miles, draw man's awed eyes toward the sun during the IGY.

INSIDE THE SPACE-MAN

The Urge to Explore Is As Basic As Hunger Or Sex

By DR. ROBERT W. WHITE

DURING the International Geophysical Year which began last Monday—July 1, 1957—man expects to hang in the sky a moon of his own making. By way of practise, he has already lighted his first star. He has routed telephone calls along the trails of falling meteors. Before the IGY ends at midnight of December 31, 1958, he intends to try to brighten and perhaps alter the colors of the dancing aurora.

To the physical scientists of the sixty-one nations who have pooled their resources for the IGY, such manipulation of the environment does not require justification. Experience has proved to them that sooner or later experiments of this kind will bring new comforts and conveniences to the human animal. There are non-scientists among the animals, however, who feel most uncomfortable about the business. They do not understand, and are inclined to mistrust, what seems to them to be blind, brash tinkering with the ancient mysteries of heaven. Why, they ask, should we not spend the time, the money and the energy we are spending on the IGY to exorcise earthbound devils of human society familiar to us all? How does this groping into space affect us as individuals? What does it mean to the world we live in from day to day? Does it really touch us at all? What are the motives behind the craving of apparently intelligent men for way stations in space, bucketfuls of upper atmosphere, souvenir cosmic rays and rockets to the moon?

I would like to suggest that the IGY is "over the heads" of some of us only because our understanding of ourselves is still so very imperfect. There is reason to believe that the urge to explore, and to manage what we explore, is a human urge as fundamental as the urge to procreate. I am going to propose that the IGY is an unprecedented demonstration of a yearning for competence that all normal humans are born with, and that the very existence of an IGY can be enormously encouraging to future society.

If my thesis is correct, the farther man's curiosity carries him through the unknown abysses which divide earth from the sun and planets, the more ingenious his measurement of the sun's effect on the whirling globe of gas which is our earthly outdoors, the greater will be his capability to plumb the depths of his own being. To stand apart from himself, to take himself as an object of scrutiny, he requires a sophistication and humility that he is only now beginning to acquire. The very sun on which the IGY studies now center was, less than 500 years ago, accepted as a mere satellite of man's earthly habitation, a convenience placed for his personal comfort. Man has spent much of the time since then in learning how to accommodate his emotions to his intellectual understanding of the sun's true role in his life. The learning process will accelerate as he realizes his vast vul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nerability to environment and his consequent dependence on his fellowmen for survival.

Psychologists have long been greatly interested in human motives, but they have generally overlooked the kind of motives that propel a scientist along his pathway of discovery. Ever since Darwin made his case for man's animal ancestry, scientists have been moved to demonstrate the resemblances between human and animal behavior. For a while it seemed appropriate to speak of human instincts, pointing out the parallels between man's motives and the instinctive behavior of animals, birds, and insects. Soon it became evident that this solved few problems; nothing was gained by attributing human curiosity to an "instinct of curiosity" until a lot more was known about the real nature of instincts.

EMPHASIS then shifted to the study of "drives," such as hunger, thirst, and sex. This was more useful because one could identify the bodily organs and conditions which upset an animal's equilibrium and induced the restless search for something to restore that equilibrium. Hunger, with its depleted tissues, contractions of the stomach, and search for food became the pattern for human motives in general.

In the meantime Freud was accomplishing his momentous revelations concerning motives of which we are not aware. Listening through long hours to the dreams, fantasies, fleeting thoughts and free associations of his patients, he disclosed the ceaseless subtle operation of disguised sexual and hostile wishes. To Freud it seemed possible that all human motives reduced themselves in the end to either erotic or aggressive drives.

This kind of reasoning about motives has proved its worth for certain purposes, but it is not sufficient to explain those aspects of human behavior which are not like the instincts or drives of animals. To this end it has been necessary to develop a psychology of the ego or self. This concerns the integrating side of personality: the guiding, planning, umpiring, interpreting activities which give our lives their overall direction and make us responsive to our environment. Freud and his followers have dealt grudgingly with the ego, showing reluctance to assign it any real force. Other workers have had difficulty with what I might call "powering" the ego so as to account for its controlling effect on drives. Some vital biological root has been overlooked—the very root we need if we are to understand the activities of man-the-scientist.

Perhaps if we look closely at the behavior of very young children we can discover what it is that lies behind the adult desire to understand and influence the environment. To this end I invite you to visit the nursery in the house of Jean Piaget in Geneva.

My selections will be drawn from Piaget's studies of the growth of intelligence from its earliest manifestations in his own child, Laurent.

At three months, before vision and prehension are fully coordinated, Laurent, lying in his bassinet, learns fortuitously that if he pulls a string he will shake a rattle suspended from it. His behavior thereafter transcends grasping for the sake of grasping or looking for the sake of looking. The child's "movements are centered on a result produced in the external environment, and the sole aim of the action is to maintain this result." Let us now observe him a little later when he has reached the ripe age of no years, three months and ten days.

> "I place the string, which is attached to the rattle, in his right hand, merely unrolling it a little so that he may grasp it better. For a moment nothing happens. But at the first shake due to chance movement of his hand, the reaction is immediate: Laurent starts when looking at the rattle and then violently strikes his right hand alone, as if he felt the resistance and the effect. The operation lasts fully a quarter of an hour, during which Laurent emits peals of laughter."

Three days later the following behavior is observed.

> "Laurent, by chance, strikes the string while sucking his fingers. He grasps it and slowly displaces it while looking at the rattles. He then begins to swing it very gently, which produces a slight movement of the hanging rattles and an as yet faint sound inside them. Laurent then definitely increases by degrees his own movements. He shakes the string more and more vigorously and laughs uproariously at the result obtained."

Notice that the behavior is directed and persistent. It is also selective: The infant does not try to conserve all impressions, but only those which are experienced as produced by his own activity. The act yields pleasure and gratification as evinced in the child's smiles and laughter. Learning is exhibited in the form of improved coordination on successive occasions. This is, in short, a form of motivated behavior, in which the gratification appears to be intrinsic and not derived from nutritive or erotic needs. Notice further that these simple examples of infant behavior involve the prolonging and enjoying of sensory experience, manipulation, exploration, activity and mastery, all at one time.

From eight to twelve months, be-

IF WE IMAGINE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE as a great unknown ocean, we can recognize the experiments of the International Geophysical Year as cosmic counterparts of the Atlantic voyages of Christopher Columbus. Astronomers of Columbus's day knew very well, from mathematical calculations, that the earth was round. But they didn't know what lay beyond their immediate horizon. Today's geophysicists are in much the same position regarding the horizon of space. It takes an historian, then, to fully appreciate the implications of the next eighteen months in the life of science and of the common man.

Dr. Robert W. White

Dr. Robert W. White, Chairman of the Department of Social Relations at Harvard University, is an historian who was moved to study psychology. With bachelor's and master's degrees in social and intellectual history already behind him, he left an instructorship at the University of Maine and turned from the public sweep of government and social force to scrutinize the private fate of individual men. He received his Ph.D. from Harvard in 1937 and has remained there since then, advancing from instructor, research associate, lecturer, and director of the Psychological Clinic to his present post as department chief. His desire to relate the abnormal to the normal processes of personality development has led him to progressively intensive case studies in abnormality, normality, and, more recently, "the relatively normal." Now fifty-three years old, with a wife (nee Margaret L. Bazeley) and two sons (David, fourteen, and Timothy, eleven), Dr. White has what a layman might describe as a "relatively normal" relationship to the IGY. A qualified explorer, quite alive to the mysteries of outer space, he confines his realm of discovery to the inner spaces of human personality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

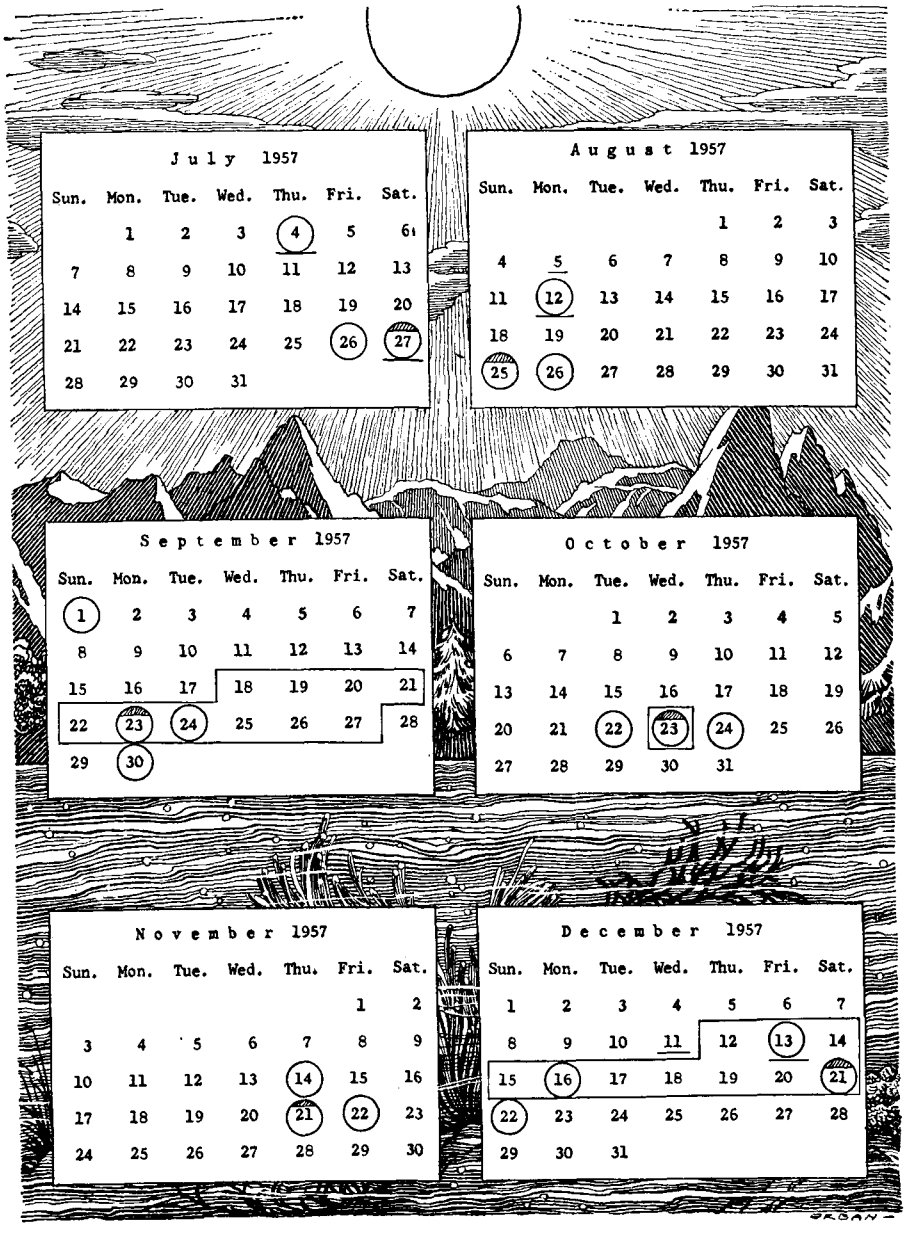
havior can be observed in which the child explores the properties of objects and tries out his repertory of actions upon them. This soon leads to active experimentation in which the child attempts to provoke new results.

> "He grasps in succession a celluloid swan, a box, and several other small objects, in each case stretching out his arm and letting them fall. Sometimes he stretches out his arm vertically, sometimes he holds it obliquely in front of or behind his eyes. When the object falls in a new position (for example on his pillow) he lets it fall two or three times more on the same place, as though to study the spatial relation: then he modifies the situation."

If these examples emphasize exploration and curiosity, they involve mastery as well, and this is more sharply apparent in other examples involving getting objects with a stick, pulling objects between bars, putting things into boxes, and other acts requiring increasing physical and mental dexterity and skill.

What is the child doing in these examples, and why is he doing it? If we look for the common aim of all his actions, it is clear that the infant is building up his practical knowledge of the environment, of his own potentialities for action, and of the effects his actions can have upon the environment. By behavior of this kind, the young organism enters into a circular interaction with the environment, enters into commerce with it, and discovers how different parts of it can be maintained and altered. It is obviously impossible to attribute this behavior to anxiety, which would produce avoidance rather than commerce with the stimulating field. It is difficult to relate the behavior to drives like hunger and sex, which at this stage of the game are not being in the least satisfied by the infant's explorations. It seems to me that we must admit an independent motive which prompts the infant to find out what can be done with the environment. Satisfaction comes directly from assimilating impressions and producing actions so that the environment is influenced. Of course the child is merely playing, but this does not diminish the importance of his behavior. He is dealing with the world.

IGY Calendar for 1957



Scientists of sixty-one nations will time simultaneous observations of natural phenomena at far scattered points of the earth according to a fixed calendar during eighteen IGY months ending December 31, 1958. The first six months of this cosmic almanac appear in sketch above. Ten-day periods boxed within the fine ink line in September and December are World Meteorological Intervals. During these times weathermen around the globe will send up radiosonde balloons four times a day instead of the usual two times, and on each occasion will make a special effort to reach the highest possible altitude. Dates marked with a simple circle are Regular World Days, on which rocket flights and balloon ascensions will be concentrated everywhere. Dates marked with a dark-capped circle are Regular World Days at New Moon, when attention will be fixed especially on the aurora. Dates that are merely underlined will be good days to observe meteors. Dates that are underlined and circled will be good to observe meteors, too, but they are also World Days and as such established times for rocket firings and balloon launchings. Dates that are both circled and squared are days of total eclipses of the sun.

As I indicated at the beginning of these remarks, the word I have tentatively chosen to describe this realm of behavior is *competence*. To be competent means to be sufficient or adequate. As one dictionary puts it, "one is competent who has all the natural powers, physical or mental, to meet the demands of a situation or work." The evolutionary importance of such a tendency, particularly in an organism with a plastic nervous system capable of much learning, can hardly be exaggerated. If all learning about the environment had to be done under stressful conditions such as hunger or danger, it would be hard to be prepared for changing circumstances. If, on the other hand, knowledge of the environment can be built up between occasions of stress, when the organism is relatively calm and most capable of broad learning, there will soon be a backlog of useful familiarity which will be available when emergency strikes.

But competence does not imply simply preparing the instruments for danger. Commerce with the environ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment involves pleasure and the growth of an intrinsic interest in the world. In learning to be competent, the child reaches out to the friendly and useful aspects of the world, and lays the foundations for what may become enduring interests. In the course of growth a child's competence becomes increasingly differentiated as a result of experience. One boy, let us say, proves particularly competent in walking and running, not as good in building with blocks or handling small objects, decidedly poor in writing and other fine coordinations. When he enters a new school, we shall find him running happily to the playground, certain that he can deal with whatever he may encounter, but he will take up handicrafts in a somewhat dubious spirit and will turn to penmanship almost with despair. Confidence and self-esteem follow the patterns of one's established and attested competence.

The concept of competence applies equally well in the social sphere, even though it is not always so easy to be aware either of one's intentions as regards others or the effect one has upon them. There are tremendous individual differences in social competence, ranging from the person who feels unable to influence others at all to the person in whom a habit of command has become second nature. Feelings of social competence are constructed out of experiences in which one has produced intended effects in other people: making them respond, procuring help from them, obtaining expressions of affection, having one's own expressions of affection accepted, giving advice which is followed. Self-esteem is partly a question of what others think of us, but it has a very strong root in our own experiences of competence.

IF WE accept the existence of a fundamental urge toward competence, we provide ourselves with a conceptual basis for the active, playful, eager, expansive, creative side of man's behavior which is so often lost in mechanistic theories.

Of course, by the time we reach adulthood none of our motives is simple or single. The scientist in his laboratory is making his living, providing for his family, seeking fame and prestige, working to improve his social status—all in addition to the satisfaction he finds in discovering new things about the environment. What is important, however, is to realize that the urge for competence is part of the picture, is perhaps even the center of the picture, and that it does not vanish because of the reinforcement received from other motives.

Can we use this concept to understand the meaning of the IGY to us as individuals and to the scientists who have planned it? I believe we can.

NOT only man's mind but his whole being is at play in the IGY. Consider the intricately detailed and painstaking preparations that have been made for celestial observations at identical moments all over the earth during the eighteen months of the cyclical peak of solar activity which began last Monday, July 1st. Consider the literal invasion of the remote Antarctic continent by regiments of Seabees to build whole communities on the desolate ice, the perilous flights to the opposite Pole to establish scientific posts on flowing ice cakes, the meticulous interweaving of communications networks to guarantee the simultaneous firing of rockets millions of miles apart and timing and recording of countless notations which cannot possibly be organized and assimilated—much less put to practical use—for years to come. It seems to me that a fundamental desire for competence lies at the root of this tremendous release of energy.

Would anyone argue seriously that man is venturing into space in order to find symbolic satisfaction for erotic or aggressive needs? Are we so disturbed by the threat of overpopulation that we project lunar expeditions as a channel for overflow? Is our future need for fuel so pressing that we plan to harness the sunlight with any appreciably greater efficiency than can now be achieved with solar furnaces? Are the satellites intended to dominate our earthly natures by force and thus dictate peace, or are we sensible enough to recognize that without inner adjustment of our own personalities the presence of manmade moons in the sky will merely extend warfare into another dimension? We are told that from the IGY will come improved communication in such customary forms as the telephone call; with telephony at the advanced state it occupies today, is a slightly clearer conversation worth all that trouble? We hear that the IGY will increase accuracy of measurements between the continents and pinpoint locations of islands; do the minor difficulties of today's inaccuracies warrant the global extent of IGY activity?

For me, the answers to all the foregoing questions must be negative. The best of the scientists themselves say that the searches of the IGY are being made for the joy of searching. I shall not be surprised if, in the course of exploring the upper reaches of the atmosphere, we clear the air of our remaining delusions about our own behavior.

MISSILE SYSTEMS
ELECTRONICS

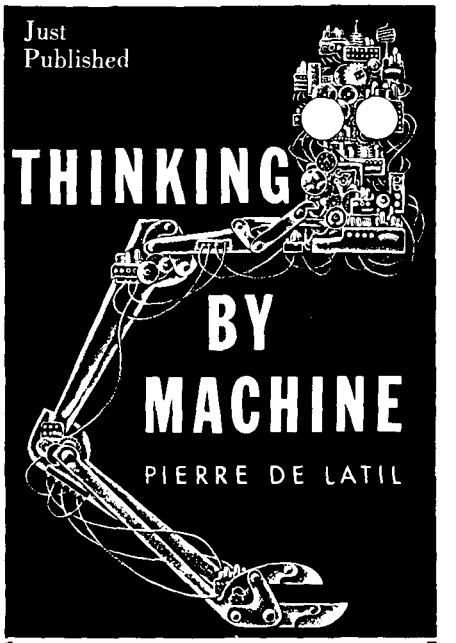
Major achievement is required in the following fields:

Control systems, inertial guidance, information processing systems, electronic product engineering, radar systems, antennas, circuit design, logical design, microwave devices, communication theory, electromagnetic wave propagation, infrared systems, telemetering systems.

Inquiries are invited. Please address the Research and Development Staff, Palo Alto 6, California.

Lockheed
MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION
LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
PALO ALTO • SUNNYVALE • VAN NUYS
CALIFORNIA

Just Published



"M. de Latil has not only written a very readable and entertaining introduction to the most distinctive science of our times, but has made some useful suggestions about the fundamental problem to which it points."
—*The Times Literary Supplement*

$5.50 ——— H.M.Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XVI

—Veterans Administration.

ETCETERA, ETCETERA

The Humble History of Joseph Ransohoff Kahn, M.D., Who Has Found the Secret of High Blood Pressure

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"HE LIVES simply, by the way, in a small apartment in a Cleveland suburb. Most of what he seems to need—books, bed, a desk, a closet—is in one room. When he's not working, he reads."

Those few lines, scrawled casually across the bottom of a letter I had in my hands recently, reflect, as accurately as anything I can write, the dedicated simplicity of the life of Joseph Ransohoff Kahn, M.D.

If you meet Doctor Kahn and fall into conversation with him on a subject that comes naturally to the lips of many people since President Eisenhower's heart attack—hypertension, that is, or high blood pressure—you will learn of several scientists who are doing exciting work in this field. You will learn of Leonard Skeggs and of Jack Leonards and of Dr. Norman Shumway. You will learn that Doctor Kahn knows these men personally, that he can chronicle the smallest details of their experiments, that he has tremendous respect and admiration for them, and that he believes they and biochemists like them hold in their hands the future of medicine. You will learn that Dr. Kahn feels very strongly about this, very strongly indeed, and in the learning you will almost certainly find yourself being drawn first into sympathy with and then into conviction by the blunt, sardonic earthiness of this thin, stoop-shouldered, bony faced, angular fellow who has in some calm quiet way insinuated himself into the companionship of the brilliant researchers he tells you about.

Only if you also talk to Skeggs and Leonards and Shumway do you learn that Dr. Kahn is the one who directed and encouraged their research, who is indeed primarily responsible for their greatest accomplishment to date: detection of a substance that is among the most vicious killers in America—a blood fraction which he calls hypertensin II.

If you then go back and pin Joseph Kahn down, you will find that he has been investigating the cause of high blood pressure for twenty-two years. In the beginning "I was the etcetera on scientific papers" after the names of other researchers, he says in a matter-of-fact tone that tells you why no one who works with him is ever going to be an etcetera if he can help it. As for himself, history did not give him too much chance to be anything but an etcetera for a long time. A Cincinnati boy who started for college but met the 1929 depression en route, he went to work in an icebox factory instead, hammering nails fifty-eight hours a week for $16 a week. Since many of the other men in his immediate family were physicians, it was natural for him to study medicine at the University of Cincinnati when opportunity finally did afford, and he interned at Cincinnati General Hospital. What passed for medical knowledge upset him. "Most of the time there wasn't a damn thing you could really do for a patient," he recollects. "Either I didn't know any medicine or else doctors in general didn't really know any medicine. I decided I'd take a year or two in pathology to find out which it was."

That decision put him on the trail of high blood pressure. He joined the staff of Western Reserve University Institute of Pathology in 1936, and went to work with Dr. Harry Goldblatt. Seven years earlier, Dr. Goldblatt had begun to pursue the notion that if he could learn how to create high blood pressure artificially he might be able to use that knowledge to prevent occurrence of the natural disease. He devised a little silver clamp that worked more or less like a faucet, and he fixed this on the arteries which carry blood to the kidneys of dogs. By opening and closing the faucet, he found he could duplicate the symptoms of high blood pressure in humans.

Very well. The kidneys definitely had something to do with high blood pressure. Autopsies of human victims of malignant (the so-called "essential") hypertension confirmed an invariable hardening of the arteries leading to the kidneys. What was the rest of the story? Young Joseph Kahn, a pathologist now, began tracking down clues with Dr. Goldblatt. Did the nervous system play a part in experimental hypertension? Apparently not. Did the endocrine glands? Only the adrenal cortex. Was a pressor substance released by the kidneys after the renal arteries were clamped? Yes. Could it be anything like the renin described by German investigators in 1898? It was. Did renin, then, boost blood pressure?

The chase was too hot for one laboratory to expect to follow it alone. Dr. Irvine H. Page of the Cleveland clinic and another team of investigators working independently in the Argentine joined in and discovered that renin itself was not a vasoconstrictor (blood-pressure-raiser); it merely participated in formation in the blood of another substance which *did* raise blood pressure. This substance they called angiotonin. There the search stopped dead. No one could find a trace of angiotonin in the circulating blood of any human being with high blood pressure.

AT THE outbreak of World War II, Lakeside Hospital was the chief clinical affiliate of the Western Reserve University Medical School. Dr. Kahn was assistant pathologist to the medical unit that went out from there to the South Pacific. He worked in the jungles as an army doctor for two years, and for two years more was chief pathologist for the Fourth Gen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral Hospital in New Guinea. He came back "nervous, like everyone else" but not too nervous to cease being an etcetera. In 1947, he was clinical lab chief of the new Crile Hospital of the Veterans Administration in Cleveland.

Hypertension was still very much on his mind. Officially, there was no money for research. But he could hire a biochemist, and he picked a brilliant one named Leonard Skeggs. He and Skeggs fixed up an old animal house themselves on their own time. After that it became apparent that the government was likely to lose valuable talent if funds were not forthcoming. And the VA built them an up-to-date research lab in an abandoned army officers' mess. Skeggs had worked with another young researcher at Western Reserve—Jack Leonards—on a new kind of artificial kidney. So Kahn and Skeggs used the kidney in a long and tedious series of experiments, filtering the blood of animals through it until they finally found a pressor substance in the blood of dogs. They called the substance hypertensin. It turned out to be the same as angiotonin.

Could they find hypertensin in the blood of humans afflicted with malignant hypertension? They turned to Dr. Norman Shumway of Crile Hospital. And in time the blood of patients at Crile gave up the long-hunted stuff.

But what was hypertensin, now that they had it? The tedious experiments continued. Hypertensin wasn't one substance; it was two. Which was the crucial one?

After traveling a maze of blind alleys that would have exhausted not only the patience but the physical endurance of most men, Dr. Kahn now knows that when the arteries to the kidneys are constricted, renin is released into the blood. The renin attacks a blood component called alpha-2-globulin and splits off hypertensin I. A "converting" enzyme in blood plasma then attacks the hypertensin I and splits off from it hypertensin II. A fraction of a gram of hypertensin II is enough to cause an alarming rise in the blood pressure of not merely one but of 166,000 persons.

Well—it's fine to find the substance responsible for malignant hypertension in humans. But what good is it? None in itself. What is valuable is the painfully traced out sequence of events involved in hypertensin's manufacture. Possible avenues of prevention are suggested. Prevention of high blood pressure could save more lives than any other single development in medicine. Perhaps that's why Joseph Ransohoff Kahn, M.D., has most of what he seems to need in one room.

—H. Jack Geiger.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

PICNIC SCIENCE

These Pesty Ants Can Milk Cows and Carry Umbrellas

ANTS, of course, do not milk real cows, but they have developed an association with aphids or plant lice that is similar to the one between man and cow. The plant lice are small fragile insects that feed on plants, and during spring and summer some of them can be seen in groups on the stems and leaves of many species.

If you look closely among a group of plant lice, you are likely to see several ants hurrying about. The association between these two kinds of insects is one of the most interesting in the whole insect world. The plant lice are actually milked by the ants. Plant juices taken into the aphids' bodies are changed into a substance called honey dew. The ants like this honey dew, and they have found a way to cause the aphids to give them some. A hungry ant will approach a plant louse and stroke it with its feelers or antennae. The aphid apparently enjoys this tickling, for it will secrete a small drop of honey dew which is gobbled up by the hungry ant. In return for this food, ants carefully watch over their "cows," and move them from one place to another when food becomes scarce. In some cases the ants carry the insects into their nests at night and during the winter.

The association between ants and aphids, while intensely interesting, has also resulted in considerable harm to people. Perhaps the best known case in the United States involves the corn root aphid and the cornfield ants. The ants gather the eggs in the fall and keep them in their nests until they hatch. The young aphids are then carried to the roots of various plants, from which they suck juices. Unfortunately for gardeners and farmers, corn is the favorite food of these plant lice. The ants seem to realize this, and have been known to carry their charges more than 150 feet so that the creatures can have their favorite food.

In view of the protection given many aphids by ants, and the enormous reproductive capacity enjoyed by these insects, man is fortunate in having several insect friends on the opposite side of the fence. These include ladybird beetles, green lacewings, and the larvae of certain flies known as hover flies. A single hover fly larva has been seen to eat more than eight hundred aphids, a fact that indicates how important these insects are in the battle to control other pests.

A LONG line of ants, each one carrying a piece of leaf in its mouth, is a common sight in the southwestern United States, Mexico, South America and other parts of the world. The piece of leaf often almost conceals the ant that is carrying it, and because of this the insects have been called umbrella or parasol ants. They are also called leaf-cutting ants.

The leaves do shield the ants from the sun to some extent, but they are much more important than mere umbrellas. Without the leaves the ants would actually starve to death. The leaves are not eaten, but they are used to grow a fungus upon which the ants feed. Once within the nest the pieces of leaves are chewed into a paste by smaller ants. This material is then used as a base upon which the fungus is grown.

In some areas leaf-cutting ants occur in such large numbers that crops and fruit trees cannot be grown successfully unless the ants are controlled. In Brazil the natives take advantage of the situation when the insects occur in large numbers. Here the *sauba* ants, as they are called, are fried and eaten.

Ants have a tenacity that makes a bulldog seem mild by comparison. Once the jaws of an ant have closed on an object, it holds on no matter what happens. This grip often does not weaken even though the ant's head is cut off, and after a battle between different kinds of ants, the victors often stalk about with the severed heads of their victims clinging to their legs.

In India, Africa, South America, and perhaps other parts of the world, practical advantage is taken of this characteristic. The ants are used for suturing wounds. The edges of a wound are held together, and the wide open jaws of large ants are applied to the two edges. When the irate ants clamp their jaws together, one jaw catches on each side of the wound. The bodies of the ants are then cut off, and the wound is sealed.

—Osmond P. Breland, *in "Animal Friends and Foes" (Harper & Brothers, $3.95).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for research. Answers appear here as received.

—Caltech.

JAMES BONNER (*Professor of Biology, Caltech*): We know that crop yields in many regions are limited, not by average climatic conditions, but by short periods of extremes of temperature. Yields of crop plants in the cooler parts of the temperate region are said to be frequently limited by short periods of excessive temperature during the summer. Crop yields in other regions may be limited by short exposures to excessive cold. It appears quite possible that the cure or prevention of such climatic damage may be an important factor in the expansion of world food production to its ultimate limit. Suppose that we take a particular species of plant—peas, for example. The pea plant has a relatively low optimum temperature for its growth; perhaps 20° C. Suppose we now grow plants at 20° C. and at a series of higher temperatures. At a sufficiently high temperature—about 35° C.—the plants die; the leaves become yellow, then shrivel, and after a few days the entire plant expires. This is not due to lack of water, of light energy, or of any mineral nutrient. These are all bountifully supplied to plants at all of the temperatures. Obviously, at the higher temperatures, most of the chemical reactions which govern the plant's performance will proceed more rapidly than at lower temperatures. It appears that, in particular instances, damage of plants at high temperature is due to the excessive destruction of particular chemical substances. We have, then, some specific instances in which it is possible to show that climatic effects on plant growth are reducible to relatively simple chemical aberrations. These chemical aberrations can be remedied by appropriate chemical application. We do not yet know how general it may be that climatic effects are interpretable in simple chemical terms. It will be necessary to investigate this matter in a systematic fashion.

—Shell Oil.

MONROE E. SPAGHT (*Executive Vice President, Shell Oil Company*): I should like to suggest a line of research that might help solve one of our problems in education. How would it be if qualified employees of large corporations were to consider careers in teaching after they retire from business? It has been said that the best teachers are young men and men who never get old. Modern retirement programs make it possible for so many people to retire so early—the early fifties is not at all unusual—that successive generations of corporation alumni would be a large group of well-trained people who could hardly be called old. I should think they would be as young in spirit as their contemporaries anywhere else. Some would probably be poor teachers; they probably wouldn't want to teach anyway. But a great many, I suspect, would relish the chance to try academic life, to work with young people, to study and think about and teach something they had been using in the most practical sort of way for twenty-five or thirty years. I am certain that some of them would be superb teachers. Stanford University has tried a little of this. It offered short refresher courses to retired people who wanted to teach. The senior-beginner teachers were gobbled up as fast as Stanford turned them out, and they have done a first-rate job. There may be problems in such an undertaking. One could involve local variations in technical qualifications for teaching. But with the teacher shortage as serious as it is, school systems should find ways of adjusting the requirements so as to take advantage of any talented applicants who come to them.

—Northeastern U.

SZE-HOU CHANG (*Northeastern University*): The ordinary telephone could transmit up to 600 times its present message capacity by transmitting only the significant portion of man-made speech. The basic parts of a spoken word have been tracked, isolated and analyzed electronically in our own electrical engineering laboratories under the sponsorship of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center. An oscillogram chart of a sentence shows a great deal of repetition of sounds, and this redundancy can be reduced by electronic methods. Much work is yet to be done in this so-called "extraction" method of speech analysis. There are theoretical possibilities for improving the procedures by (a) invention of a mechanical translator for inter-language work, (b) a mechanical dictionary, based on key sound impulses and (c) even the businessman's dream, a "mechanical secretary," which translates speech into writing.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1215

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Novice at anything (slang).	19 49 176 113 81 4
B. In sports, now good, now bad, in performance (comp.).	114 99 138 145 13 134 2 91
C. Blue or green turquoise of New Mexico.	170 16 76 62 29 101 50 158 69 124
D. Of texture, color, appearance of ordinary foliage leaf.	59 75 139 94 117 34 12 23 133 3
E. Interesting kind of slot-machine restaurant in which foreign visitors are always interested.	31 151 160 142 79 47 43
F. Refute in a formal manner.	109 140 48 14 154
G. Amer. financial statistician, a founder of *Wall Street Journal* (1851-1902).	74 84 175
H. Old Netherlands duchy, whence Elsa in "Lohengrin" hailed.	118 32 111 141 44 21 171
I. Region ruled by certain titled Moslem.	1 57 128 71 78 190 54
J. Of dark complexion.	97 177 18 126 110 70 83
K. The modish fat lady for whom certain manufacturers planned special merchandise (2 wds.).	174 195 64 157 98 127 30 80 135 7 149 86
L. A showy turnout.	93 132 24 88 15 165 152 130
M. Wanting in moral restraint.	104 119 150 137 58
N. Shaken; weakened.	112 33 106 17 82 136 39 51
O. Having animation.	159 61 42 68 146 87 52 129 96
P. In painting and sculpture, the posture of a figure.	72 122 35 144 40 105 66 102
Q. Warbling.	147 156 77 9 27 56 89 22
R. Of stunted growth.	28 67 38 143 11
S. Leading (4 wds.)	63 163 10 92 36 53 60 169 5 95 166
T. One thing in common for the ages, Gibraltar, and Elvis Presley.	173 41 103 46
U. More fortunate in matters of chance.	45 120 107 90 125 161 37
V. Worked into a fabric	20 162 168 25 26 73 116 123 121
W. Spurious; illegitimate.	115 148 6 153 164 85 131
X. Imperial.	8 172 108 55 65 167

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 I	■	2 B	3 D	4 A	5 S	■	6 W	7 K	■	8 X	9 Q	10 S	■	11 R	12 D	13 B
■	14 F	15 L	■	16 C	17 N	18 J	19 A	20 V	21 H	22 Q	■	23 D	24 L	25 V	■	26 V
27 Q	28 R	■	29 C	30 K	31 E	32 H	33 N	34 D	35 P	36 S	37 U	■	38 R	39 N	40 P	41 T
42 O	■	43 E	44 H	45 U	46 T	■	47 E	48 F	49 A	50 C	51 N	■	52 O	53 S	54 I	■
55 X	56 Q	57 I	58 M	■	59 D	60 S	■	61 O	62 C	63 S	64 K	65 X	66 P	■	67 R	68 O
69 C	70 J	■	71 I	72 P	73 V	74 G	75 D	■	76 C	77 Q	78 I	79 E	80 K	■	81 A	82 N
■	83 J	84 G	85 W	■	86 K	87 O	88 L	89 Q	90 U	■	91 B	92 S	93 L	■	94 D	95 S
96 O	97 J	■	98 K	99 B	■	100 I	101 C	102 P	■	103 T	104 M	105 P	106 N	■	107 U	108 X
109 F	■	110 J	111 H	112 N	113 A	114 B	115 W	116 V	■	117 D	118 H	119 M	120 U	121 W	■	122 P
123 V	124 C	125 U	126 J	■	127 K	128 I	129 O	130 L	131 W	■	132 L	133 D	134 B	135 K	136 N	137 M
■	138 B	139 D	140 F	■	141 H	142 E	143 R	144 P	145 B	146 O	■	147 Q	148 W	149 K	■	150 M
151 E	152 L	153 W	154 F	■	155 K	156 Q	■	157 K	158 C	159 O	160 E	161 U	162 V	■	163 S	164 W
■	165 L	■	166 S	167 X	168 V	■	169 S	170 C	171 H	172 X	173 T	174 K	■	175 G	176 A	177 J

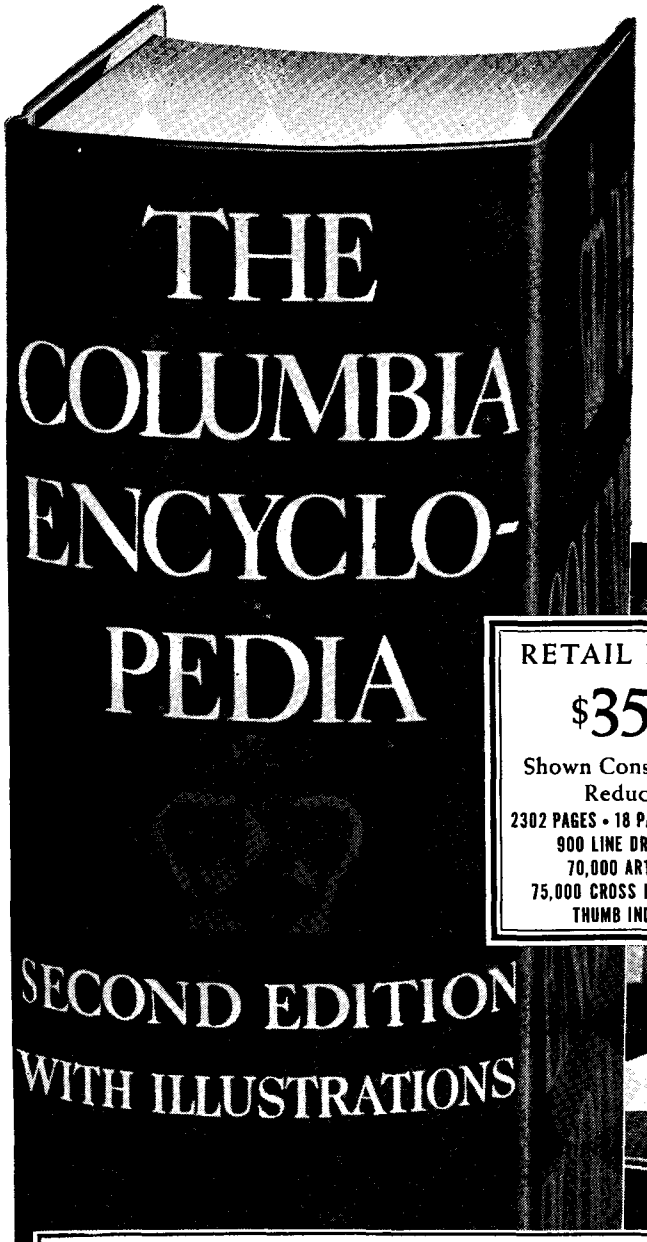
Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

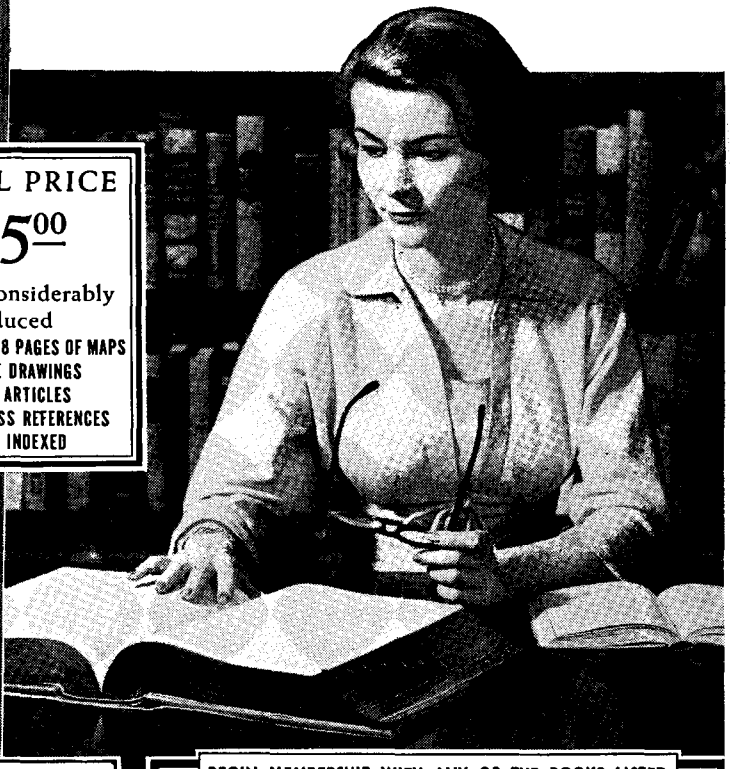
A DEMONSTRATION OF THE UNIQUE ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

Given TO YOU WITH THE FIRST BOOK YOU BUY AS A MEMBER, IF YOU AGREE TO BUY SIX ADDITIONAL BOOKS FROM AT LEAST 100 AVAILABLE DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

The New Illustrated EDITION OF THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA



RETAIL PRICE
$35.00
Shown Considerably Reduced
2302 PAGES • 18 PAGES OF MAPS
900 LINE DRAWINGS
70,000 ARTICLES
75,000 CROSS REFERENCES
THUMB INDEXED



As a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club you will enjoy four distinct advantages: **FIRST,** you will share in more than $13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) distributed annually to members as Book-Dividends. This is actually a form of member profit-sharing, similar to that of a consumer co-operative. The offer outlined here really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later. **SECOND,** you will insure yourself against missing the new books you are eager to read. (For example, see the list in the coupon.) **THIRD,** you will get these books at a considerable saving – an average of 20% less than the retail price. And **FOURTH**–you will build up a highly selective library of good books that will reflect your good taste.

✶ The Columbia Encyclopedia will be sent to you with your first purchase. (Choose from the books listed in the coupon.)

✶ The six additional books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 100 Club Selections and Alternates made available during the year.

✶ Each month you receive a full and careful report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you may send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."

✶ After your seventh purchase—if you continue—with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend.

✶ Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend plan, more than $200,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) have been earned and received by Club members as Book-Dividends.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE BOOKS LISTED

- ☐ **THE SCAPEGOAT** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.95*
- ☐ **DAY OF INFAMY** by Walter Lord *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE LAST ANGRY MAN** by Gerald Green *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE NUN'S STORY** by Kathryn Hulme *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV** by John Steinbeck *$3.00*
- ☐ **SAY, DARLING** by Richard Bissell *$3.95*
- ☐ **THE TURN OF THE TIDE** by Arthur Bryant *Price (to members only) $7.50*
- ☐ **THE FBI STORY** by Don Whitehead *$4.95*
- ☐ **PROFILES IN COURAGE** by John F. Kennedy *$3.50*
- ☐ **THE DURABLE FIRE** by Howard Swiggett *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **THE ETRUSCAN** by Mika Waltari *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THIS HALLOWED GROUND** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL TREASURY** Edited by John Mason Brown and the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal* *$7.50*
- ☐ **THE BIBLE AS HISTORY** by Werner Keller *$5.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A257**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send, free, THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying seven Club choices. After my seventh purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as *a single book* in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone No*.....*State*.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED